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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

New Arabian Nights' Entertainments, selected from the Original Oriental MS. by Jos. Von Hammer; and now first translated into English by the Rev. George Lambe. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826. Colburn.

WHAT a delightful retrospect, and what an alluring anticipation, does the title of this work excite in us! Who remembers not the spell which bound his young fancy to the magic volumes of the "Thousand and One Nights"? — to that endless series of enchantments and drolleries, of captive princesses and hunchback lovers, of "castles in the air," and gardens blooming countless fathoms beneath the earth! For our own parts, though grown older, we disdain in this respect to be wiser; nay, we naturally glory in what a severer judgment may pronounce our shame, and think the true wisdom lies in preserving, as much as in us lies, the charm unbroken. To us the marble statue still exists, and struggles into life; the mysterious music yet vibrates, like that of the image of Memnon to the touch of the morning sun; the "old man of the sea" has not lost his power to awaken our tremulous loathing; nor do we grudge a sigh in sympathy with Aladdin, left, hapless and despairing, by his false uncle, in the silent abyss.

And here is a new collection of the records of fairy revels — new at least to us, although challenging equal antiquity and genuineness with its predecessor: — three fresh volumes filled with the exploits of gnomes and gnomes and genii, and beautiful youths and bewitching damsels, and all the paraphernalia of Arabian magic. No sooner did the book fall into our hands, the other evening, than we proclaimed a brief truce to politics and all such grave disquisitions, decided that we would for awhile

Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause.

And what the bank intends, and what the bank-note laws.

The preface to these volumes contains some curious information. The editor there avers that the Arabian MS. from which the original translation by M. Galland was made, was imperfect; and that the tales now given to the public would, had it been otherwise, inevitably have formed a part of the old collection. A diverting anecdote is also introduced, regarding M. Galland himself, which reminds us of the well-known story of Monsieur Tanson. "The thousand and one tales were productive to their translator of as many sleepless nights. The Parisians, returning from their nocturnal revels, would often stop before his door, and awake him from his soundest sleep by calling loudly for him. Galland would open his window to see what was the matter, and then they would cry out: 'O vous, qui savez de si jolis contes, et qui les racontez si bien, racontez nous en un!' "

Mr. Von Hammer's preface proceeds to acquaint us, that the origin of these tales, old and new inclusive, is not so much Arabian as

• Hold! you who know so many fine stories, and tell them so well — come, give us one of them!

Indian and Persian, from the fictions of which latter nations they were adopted by the Arabs. Our limited space will not admit of our going into this question — of our examining the proofs adduced, or the counter-speculations which may be opposed to them. Nor is the decision of the matter at all important to the lover of poetry and romance, who is content to reap the harvest of delight before him, without anxiously scrutinising by whom it was sown. Far more interesting is the consideration of the fact, that the lively and imaginative Arabs regard so highly the pleasure which arises from hearing a well-knit tale, that they possess and encourage a kind of *improvisatori*, who set themselves aside for the very purpose of administering to this taste. "Sail down the Tigris, or up the Nile," says the German editor; "travel through the deserts of Irak, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valleys of the Hajáz, or the delightful solitudes of Yaman — every where will you meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Bedouin and the hut of the Falláh; in the village coffee-houses as well as those of Bagdad, Damascus, and Cairo. When the intense heat of noon compels the traveller to stop on his journey, and interrupts the transaction of business, the people of the caravan, and the crowd from the bazar, gather together beneath a spreading tree, or in a coffee-house, to listen with attentive ears to the story-teller, who for hours will astonish and delight them, and then in the most interesting part break off, to take up the tale again in the cool of the evening. Even then he does not always finish his narrative, but often defers the end of it until the morning; when, instead of indulging his audience with the catastrophe, he will begin a new story. In the great towns these story-tellers form a particular corporation; and, like every other trade, are under the government of their own shaiikh."

There is something romantic in this; and we cannot wonder that a people who thus patronise the unrestrained excursions of the fancy should have had produced among them some of its loveliest offshoots.

But it is not alone the invention displayed in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments which first obtained, and has continued to obtain for them, the rapturous applause of their readers. Another great source of attraction existed in the light they threw upon, and the breathing picture they drew of, the manners of the children of the East. To us, natives of a colder sky, these had all the charm of novelty, and all the grace of fiction. Picturesque in detail, splendid in general effect, they excited in the highest degree our curiosity and interest; while the liveliness of their narration transported us either to the audience-chamber of the caliph, or to the crowd of the bazar. These representations, by virtue of their truth and spirit, lifted the Thousand and One Nights out of the sphere of mere romance, and gave to them somewhat of historical dignity.

A good deal of this power is shewn in the tales immediately under review; but, at the same time, the inventive faculty predominates in them. We have more of the grotesque, the startling, the wonderful, than of the graphic or illustrative; but still, from a family likeness, they are not unworthy of the old stock. We will venture to assert, that no reader who relished the former will be displeased on perusing the new Arabian Nights. This is high praise, and accordingly we speak with caution. We do not mean to say that, pleased as we have been, these stories are capable of moving us as their forerunners did and do. No! if, instead of rivalling, they had even excelled those, such a result would not have happened. The fault, however, is not in them, but in ourselves. Our hearts were freer, and better tuned, in childhood, for the reception of such dainties.

"Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew.
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower!"

The tales comprised in these three volumes are numerous: our favourites among them are those entitled, "Ardashir and Hayatalnufus," and "Hassan of Bassora." "Camaralzaman and the Jeweller's Wife" is also good, as is likewise "Nureddin and Maria the Girdle-Maker." From the last three of these we shall endeavour to give such an extract as, although brief, may enable our readers to form some judgment of the similarity of the work to its predecessor, though this is difficult, since each story, complete in itself, requires its context in order to be duly appreciated.

Hassan of Bassora, the hero of the second story adverted to, falls in love with a "lady-bird" in good earnest; namely, with a fairy princess who visits a fountain in the shape of a bird, and there, doffing her magical robes, plunges into the water as a mere woman. Hassan is advised to steal her feather-garment, and thereby prevent her from flying away again. This stratagem succeeds, and the princess becomes his wife. She, however, in the course of time, contrives to regain her airy habiliments, and again takes wing, telling her husband to seek her in the Wakwak islands, of the road to which the following is an enticing description:

"The first country to which you come by the way is the Land of Birds, as it is termed, where you cannot hear your own voice, for the noise which the birds make with their songs and the flapping of their wings. When you have travelled eleven days through this country, you come to the Land of Beasts, a frightful place of abode, on account of the howling and bellowing of wild beasts of every kind. Here you travel for twenty days together, before you arrive at the Land of the Genii. There nothing is heard but horrid yells, nothing is seen but treacherous meteors and clouds of smoke, which seem to obstruct the traveller's way on all sides. To traverse this country he has no other means than to blindfold his horse, to bow down his head to the saddle, and to

ride on thus for three days at full gallop. He then finds himself on the bank of a great river, which runs direct to the island of Wakwak. This island has its name from a tree which bears a fruit resembling human heads. Every morning at sunrise these heads cry, 'Wak-wak! Praise be to God, the author of all this trick-track!' By this cry we always know when the sun has risen. The very same thing occurs at sunset. For the rest, the inhabitants of that island are, as here, women, who do not suffer any men to live among them. They are subject to the great king of the genii, who has under his command an innumerable host of genii, demons, devils, and goblins of all sorts. Now consider, whether you had not better go back the way you have come; but if you positively persist in your design, I will aid you to the utmost of my ability, that you may attain your aim, if it please God!' 'Ah!' said Hassan, 'I have nothing to consider: I must absolutely see my wife again.' And thereupon he covered the hands and feet of the old general with tears and kisses."

The third tale we have cited is that of "Camarlzaman and the Jeweller's Wife;" and the incident on which this is founded is precisely similar to the far-famed romance of the Lady Godiva. "I was lately," relates a dervise to Camarlzaman and his father, "in the town of Bassora. It chanced one Friday, as I was walking through the streets, that I found all the shops open, with the goods exposed for sale in the windows, but not a single living soul either in the streets or in the houses. As I felt hungry, I took bread out of one shop, and helped myself at another to butter and honey. I went into a coffee-house and found water boiling on the fire, the tables spread, and meals left unfinished. My astonishment was inconceivable to find the town so deserted and desolate; I knew not whether the inhabitants had been swept away by the plague, or whether they had been obliged so suddenly to take to flight, that they could not lock up their warehouses and shops. At that moment I heard a rush in the street, and saw a train of forty female slaves, all unveiled, who surrounded a charger, on which was mounted a lady, clothed in rich apparel, covered with gold and diamonds, whose heavenly beauty beamed forth the more as she wore no veil. One of the slaves at her left bore a mace; the handle was of one single emerald, and its brilliancy was increased by the diamonds with which the mace was set. As the train approached me, I observed a man stretching out his head from one of the shop-windows; and, at the same moment, the slave who bore the mace hastened up and slew him at one blow. I shuddered at the sight, and hid myself as well as I could; so the cruel fair passed on without perceiving me, but not without inspiring me, against my will, with a boundless love for her. By degrees the people returned to their shops: I asked every body who this lady was, but no one would tell me. I left Bassora with a heart which had become the prey of the most unbridled passion—a passion which torments me day and night, and which has received additional power from seeing your son, who resembles that lady as much as one drop of water resembles another." When the dervise had finished his story, he began to weep again in the most piteous manner; and perceiving that the sensations which the sight of young Camarlzaman had awakened would soon overcome him, he took his leave and departed.

"Camarlzaman, who listened attentively

to the dervise's narration, felt his heart passionately interested for this unknown beauty. And, as he thought of nothing else but the means of becoming acquainted with her, he constantly plagued his father to allow him to travel, as all other merchants were in the habit of allowing their sons to do."

"Nureddin and Maria the Girdle-Maker" would be more to our taste than either of the preceding, were it not that the fair lady turns out, ultimately, to be a tremendous amazon, which is not so well. She is a Christian princess, who, being taken on a cruise by a Mahomedan corsair, is subsequently purchased as a slave by Nureddin, son of an Egyptian merchant, with whom she falls desperately in love, passing herself off on him simply as *Maria the Girdle-Maker*.

The separation of this young pair is touchingly described, and the meeting of Nureddin with an old officer, sent by the princess's father to seek her out, very striking.

"Nureddin, when he awoke one night, found Maria by his side all bathed in tears. 'What ails you, mistress of beauty?' asked he. 'I weep,' said she, 'on account of the separation with which we are threatened.'—'Who threatens us with it?' asked Nureddin; 'we love each other cordially, and nothing in the world will ever have power to part us.'—'Ah!' said she, 'you know as yet nothing of the world. You enjoy the fair days, without ever thinking of the foul ones which fate has in store for you. Beware, my dear Nureddin, of an old Frank, who squints with his right eye, halts with his left leg, and has a swarthy complexion and a long beard: he is the man whom we have to fear. I saw him yesterday evening prowling about the city, and am convinced that he is come solely in search of me.'—'Only let me meet with him,' said Nureddin; 'I'll throttle him, or play him such a trick as he shall not forget while he lives.'—'Give up,' rejoined Maria, 'give up the idea of taking his life, but beware of entering into any conversation, intercourse, business, or connexion of any kind with him. May God protect us from his consummate villainy!'"

"Next morning, when Nureddin had left home to go about in the city as usual to sell his girdle, he sat down before a shop, and was overtaken by sleep. The old Frank, attended by seven others of his nation, chanced to pass by, and no sooner did he observe the handkerchief which Nureddin had wrapped round his head, (which had been worn by the princess,) than he sat down by him to examine it more closely. When Nureddin awoke and perceived the old Frank by his side, he gave a loud shriek. 'Why do you shriek thus?' asked the Frank, 'have we robbed you of something?'—'If you had robbed me, wretch,' replied Nureddin, 'I would bring you to justice.'—'Moslem,' said the Frank, 'I conjure you by your faith, tell me how you came by this handkerchief?'—'It is the work of my mother,' answered Nureddin. 'Sell it to me,' said the Frank. 'I will not sell it,' replied Nureddin. 'Sell it to me,' repeated the Frank; 'I will give you five hundred dinars in hard cash for it; with that money your mother can make you another.'—'I will not sell it, hobbling wretch!' was Nureddin's only answer. The Frank would not take any refusal, but continued to increase his offer, one hundred dinars at a time, until he got to a thousand. Nureddin persisted in his first answer, that he would not sell it. The merchants who were present then remonstrated

with Nureddin, and said—'But what obstinacy it is to refuse to sell for a thousand dinars a handkerchief that is scarcely worth a hundred! Why would you let slip the opportunity of doing so meritorious an act as it would be to fleece this cursed Frank of nine hundred dinars?' Nureddin at length yielded, out of shame and want of firmness; he delivered the handkerchief, and, after he had received the thousand dinars, was about to retire, when the Frank, turning to the merchants who were present: 'Let not Nureddin leave us,' said he to them; 'I invite the whole company to sup with me: I have some excellent Cretan wine, a fattened lamb, and choice fruit. We will pass the night in drinking and in conversation.'

"Nureddin did all he could to get excused, but the company would not listen to his reasons, and dragged him along with them by force to the residence of the Frank. Here he set a patched table before the company, and a cupboard filled with broken bottles and glasses. He then placed upon it a fattened lamb, and bronched a cask of Cretan wine. It was not long before Nureddin had drunk so much that he was intoxicated. All this time the Frank kept close by his side, and never ceased talking to him. 'Sell me,' he at length said, 'the slave whom you bought in the presence of these merchants for one thousand dinars: I will give you five thousand for her.' Nureddin refused, though but feebly, for his head was quite dizzy. Raising his offer a thousand dinars at a time, the Frank at length got to ten thousand, and Nureddin said, 'You shall have her at that price.' The Frank called the whole company to witness the bargain, and they continued to push the wine about. Towards morning the Frank cried out to his slaves, 'Ho, there! bring me the ten thousand dinars which I am to pay Nureddin as the price of his slave.'—'Infamous liar!' exclaimed Nureddin; 'I have sold thee nothing; and, besides, I have no slave.'—'These Moslems are my witnesses,' replied the Frank. The company thereupon bore witness agreeably to the truth, at the same time making various observations on the folly of Nureddin, in objecting to sell for ten thousand dinars a slave who had cost him but one thousand. At length Nureddin, overpowered by their attestations and arguments, was forced to accept the ten thousand dinars, and the contract of sale was drawn up by the judge and subscribed by the witnesses."

We must now conclude; and we do so by recommending all our readers who are fond of the wild, the wonderful, and the diverting, to the work itself. There they will find set down a thousand pleasant, extraordinary, and impossible things. There the Saturnalia season prevails throughout. Slaves become viziers, wood-cutters sultans, princesses marry shopkeepers, and lusty young men display their gallantry by swooning at the sight of their mistresses. Every thing, in short, is in contradistinction to the dull world around us.

Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution, with a few Remarks on the Present State of Affairs in that Country. By Lieut.-Col. W. Martin Leake. 12mo. pp. 204. London, 1826. J. Murray.

This is a masterly *coup d'aile* over the events in Greece, from the outbursting of the revolution in 1820 to almost the latest period; and is, therefore, eminently deserving of the public attention—if public attention can at

present be withdrawn from sad narratives of commercial distress at home and the discussion of remedies, and given to a foreign subject, which is certainly one of the deepest exterior interest. That Greece has struggled so long is a victory, and a proof that her cause ought never to be despaired of: still it is necessary that her friends should retrace the course she has already run, in order to see where she has been most vulnerable, and in what most successful, so that she may be strengthened against a liability to similar injuries in future, and prepared to make greater advantages of auspicious fortunes. For these purposes, Col. Leake's book will be found to be an excellent guide.

We have, however, gone so frequently over this ground, as new travels and views brought it under our notice, that we could not go at length into the present volume without being guilty of much repetition. It will, perhaps, be doing it equal justice, and pleasing our readers better, if we direct notice to two or three points to which the existing state of Greece imparts the chief importance at this time. Thus of Tripolitza, now besieged,* Col. Leake says—

"Tripolitza, situated at the foot of Mount Mæmalus on the edge of the plain which contained the ancient cities of Tegea, Pallantium, and Mantinea, was surrounded with a slight wall, flanked by towers at long intervals. At the south-western end a small citadel occupies a height, which is connected with the last falls of the mountain. In the towers and citadel were about fifty pieces of cannon, served by a company of artillerymen from Constantinople. Besides its own population of about 25,000, the town contained the Turkish refugees of *Londiri* with their families, and almost the entire population of *Bardunia*, a part of Mount Taygetum, which, like *Lalla*, near Olympia, had been colonised by Mohammedan Albanians."

Its condition is not much changed at this hour from what it was, as here described, five years ago, and when

"Both in a military and political point of view, the capture of Tripolitza was a most important event for the Greeks. It gave them all the interior of the Peninsula, and confined the Osmanlys to five maritime fortresses. It frustrated the hopes of the Turkish admiral, furnished arms for several thousand men, and inspired great confidence in the ultimate success of the insurrection at a critical moment. Although it added very little to a better administration of affairs, and not a dollar to the national treasury, it enabled the chieftains to keep their forces united by regular pay, and hence gave them greater authority in promoting any designs of utility, as well as greater power for the future in repressing the cruelty and ill faith which had disgraced the cause at *Navarin*, as well as at Tripolitza, and which rendered the acquisition of the other fortresses in the *Moræa* more difficult, by obliging the Turkish garrisons to hold out to the utmost extremity."

Upon this branch of his subject, the dreadful war of extermination waged by both sides, the author observes,

"These cruelties were the inevitable consequence of the previous position of the two people: but the Greeks have been immensely the losers in the sad account of misery and slaughter; for the insurgents, having been reduced to the desperate necessity of pursuing

the main object of their liberation, without any regard to the fatal effects which it might have on their brethren more exposed than themselves to Turkish vengeance, the result has been, that while all the numerous Greek families, inhabiting the maritime districts, or the great towns of the European and Anatolian divisions of the empire, have been and still are entirely at the mercy of their oppressors; it has been only in some parts of Northern Greece and the *Moræa*, or in a few of the islands, or in the incursions of the islanders on the coast of Asia, or on being intercepted at sea by the Greek ships on their return from the Levant in the first year of the war, that the Turks have been exposed to cruel treatment from the Greeks. The Turks of Greece were few in number; they were armed,—they resided chiefly in fortified places, or they had it in their power to retire into the fortresses; so that, in fact, the Greeks have had little opportunity, except at Tripolitza, of retaliating upon the defenceless families of the Turks for the fate of so many thousand Greek women and children, whose mildest lot has been that of being sold for slaves. * * *

"If the savage customs engendered by long subjection to an oriental yoke, appear at this period of the contest in all their deformity, the subsequent history of the insurrection seems to indicate that they are already giving way to the effects of a consciousness of the dignity of the new position which the people is assuming: it can hardly be doubted, that these sentiments, combined with a better knowledge of regular warfare, which the volunteers from civilised Europe will introduce among them, together with a longer practice of war, which cannot fail to call forth the nobler qualities of the people, will cause the selfishness and cruelty of the robber gradually to give place to a conduct more liberal, and to a more patriotic and enlightened feeling for the general welfare of Greece."

At the close of the contest above twelve months ago, the author takes a general view, which, though circumstances may since have somewhat modified, they have not changed so much as to render it inapplicable to the present.

"It has been seen (he says) that, while the insurgents have been increasing in confidence and numbers, have obtained some of the fortified places, have caused the destruction of many of the enemy's ships, and have had the superiority over them in the field on some important occasions, the latter have not gained a single advantage, that can serve as a step towards subduing the insurrection. Such has been the termination of a three years' contest between the small vessels of some of the most skilful seamen in the world, against large ships, ill manned, and conducted by ignorance and inexperience—between cavalry and artillery against infantry, in a country peculiarly formed to give importance to the latter.

"But if the existence alone of such an insurrection for so long a period as four years is sufficient to prove that it never can be suppressed without foreign assistance; on the other hand, the excessive ignorance of the Greeks in the art of war, their want of union, and their poverty, still leave them far removed from that complete possession of the country which can alone authorise them to insist upon an acknowledgment of their independence, either by their Turkish adversaries or by other nations. Before they are qualified to hold this language, they must, above all things, be masters of the fortresses of the *Moræa*.

The great importance of Patrae and Naupactus, with the naval command of the gulf of Corinth, which depends upon them, has already been exemplified. The destiny of Eastern Greece is no less dependent upon that of *Egripo*, the only place of strength in the hands of the Turks to the southward of Thessalonica: for *Zituni* and *Volo* are feeble garrisons, exposed to be cut off by the insurgents in Pelion, Othrys, and Ceta, whenever the Osmanlys are not in force in the plains on either side of them.

"*Egripo*, a corruption of Euripus, occupies the site of the ancient Chalcis, and is connected by a bridge of about 100 feet in length with the Boeotian shore of the strait, from which rises a commanding hill occupied by the Turkish fortress of *Karababa*; and hence it is not sufficient, in order to invest *Egripo*, that the Greeks should have possession of the island of Eubœa, or that they should be able to prevent the Turkish fleet from relieving *Egripo* by sea; they must also be masters of the range of mountains anciently called Hypatus, Ptoum, Messapium, and Cyrtone, which are united by the chain of Cnemis and Callidromus with Mount Ceta, and which contain the passes leading from the shore of the Eubœic strait into the plains of Thebes and of the lake Copais.

"If the fortress of the Euripus should be taken, the future incursions of the Turkish cavalry into the country, southward of Mount Ceta, would be perilous, and could only be transitory; and as the Greeks would then surround the basin of Thessaly in greater force, and would possess themselves of Tempe and of the strong passes of Mount Olympus, which separate Thessaly from Macedonia, it would probably follow, that the Turks, having no place in the former province capable of any resistance, would be under the necessity of retreating into the plains of Lower Macedonia at the head of the Thermaic gulf, unless they could secure their right flank by means of the Albanians. But enough has already been stated to shew, that in consequence of the mutual dislike existing between the Albanians and the Osmanlys, and of the domestic spirit of dissension in Albania, the Porte, although it may continue to employ the mercenary services of the warlike people of that country in every part of the empire, cannot depend much upon the efforts of Albania, as an united nation, against the Greeks, and that the cause of Grecian independence, at least to the southward of Mount Ceta and the Ambracian gulf, will not long suffer very seriously from the vicinity of the Albanians. It is probable that Albania will gradually relapse into the barbarous state of internal discord, but national independence, which has been more or less its condition as far back as we can trace its history; which, in times of general danger, may unite its discordant districts, under the person of greatest influence or military talent, as happened in the war of George Kastrioti of Kroya, (Scanderbeg) against Sultan Mahomet the Second, but which, at other times, leaves its neighbours more to apprehend from individual rapacity or from the incursions of robbers, than from the united strength or ambition of the nation.

"As long as the Turks can preserve the Euripus and the fortresses of the *Moræa*, especially those which give them the command of the Corinthian gulf, they will not cease to entertain a hope of regaining their ground in Greece, and they will consequently make every effort to relieve those fortresses by sea and

* The latest reports say taken by Colocotroni.

land, as well as to retain the occupation of the plains of Eastern Greece, without which they are sensible that the Euripus will not long remain in their possession. The Greeks, on the other hand, are equally convinced of the necessity of making some effort to besiege the maritime fortresses, as the prospect of reducing them by famine must be very precarious, as long as they have it not in their power to prevent the large ships of the several Musulman powers from occasionally relieving them. Nothing can more strongly shew the inefficiency of the military government of Greece, than that a post so contemptible as the castle of Patra should have held out for three years after its investment by the Peloponnesian Armatoles. The want of a treasury has hitherto been the insuperable obstacle to improvements in the conduct both of their civil and of their military affairs.

Col. L. goes on to express his expectation that this defect will be remedied by the Greek loans raised in this country; but we have seen how the misdirection of this fund has frustrated the best hopes of Greece.

Looking forward, he adds—

"There are five classes among the Greeks into whose hands the direction of affairs must necessarily fall, as they alone are qualified for it by the education, or the power, or the influence, that are requisite. These are—1st, The military chiefs; 2dly, The primates, or men of landed or commercial property who possessed power under the Turkish government; 3dly, The higher clergy; 4thly, The persons engaged in maritime commerce, and particularly the leading men in the principal islands; 5thly, The foreign Greeks from Constantinople, or other parts of the Turkish empire, who have joined the insurrection. We have arranged these classes according to their extent of influence in continental Greece, and unhappily, at the same time, in the inverse order of their degrees of civilisation and fitness for conducting affairs. It has been shewn that the military chiefs, who have only been rendered superior to captains of banditti by the late increase of their followers, and by the noble cause in which they are now engaged, have, by their unwillingness to submit to the suggestions of more enlightened men, been the chief impediment to the establishment of a central government. Several primates have contributed to the same pernicious result by continuing to exercise the avarice and meanness which was the inevitable habit of their lives under the Turkish government. Among the clergy, a few may be found who are among the most enlightened, resolute, and patriotic of the nation; but it is chiefly upon the fourth class, upon the leading persons in the commercial and nautical communities of the more opulent islands, who have had long experience in the art of governing a free population, and who, by their excellent management, have contrived to convert barren rocks, too insignificant to be named in ancient history, into populous and wealthy republics, that the friends of Greece would wish to see the task imposed of establishing and governing a Greek state—though without excluding some of the clergy, primates, and military chiefs, or the more essential services of the Byzantine or other Greeks, who may be desirous of applying to the use of the new government the fruits of the education which they have wholly or partially received in civilised Europe."

Speaking of the Egyptian expedition, the following remarks are curious:—

"It never before happened that Egypt had

a Turkish Viceroy of such talent, ambition, and good fortune as to effect military conquest beyond the limits of his government, at the same time that he filled foreign harbours with his merchandise; and who, though, like a true Turk, he has no other object than personal gratification, through the misery of the great body of his subjects, is certainly a formidable power at the present moment.

"By turning into his own coffers the greatest part of the land-revenue and of the commercial profits of Egypt,—by improving the inexhaustible agricultural resources of that country, and particularly by his good fortune in raising a species of cotton eagerly purchased for the manufactures of England, he has created a revenue very far exceeding that of any of his predecessors, while his ambition has prompted him to expend those treasures in the increase of his military establishment, which now amounts to forty thousand men, with a fleet of thirty vessels of war. That which the Greeks have been prevented from attaining by disunion, by a want of government, and by the constant pressure of immediate danger, Mehmet Ali, having to consult only his single will, has, in a very short time, accomplished, namely, the formation of a body of infantry, instructed in the European use of the musket; and which, although their discipline is probably as yet imperfect, have, at least, acquired an advantage of great importance against the irregular troops of an anarchical people, that of obedience and the habit of acting as a single body.

"Who could have foreseen, even a year ago, that the Pasha of Egypt should so suddenly have increased his financial resources; or that his wealth should have attracted to his military service a great number of unemployed officers from France and other parts of Europe; or that he should so quickly have mastered a difficulty which has hitherto been found insurmountable by any Turkish government, namely, that of bringing his army to submit to European discipline; or that he should so heartily have entered, at an immense expense, into designs which, with the most favourable result, are more calculated to gratify a dangerous ambition than to serve his real interests? The event has totally changed the nature of the war in Greece, which before, although slowly, seemed to be surely leading to an independence *de facto*, which would have been the best preliminary to a pacification."

The subsequent details of the contest against these new auxiliaries of the Porte, and plans for the settlement of Greece, occupy the remainder of the volume, which we cordially recommend to the public notice.

La Bagatelle; a Collection of Original Poetry and Prose. By James Collett, Author of the "Garland of Wild Flowers." Printed for the Author. 12mo. pp. 96. H. Hughes.

MR. JAMES COLLETT is (apparently, from internal evidence) a publisher belonging to a class of writers who seldom reach the mark of getting the effusions of their genius printed for the benefit of society and literature. But every thing in this world flourishes or fails by comparison. A fair lady, of some thousands per annum, is wretched because the patronesses at Almack's refuse to associate her name with theirs; and a damsel of the strongest natural qualifications, in inferior life, cries her eyes out because she cannot go to a Season of hops in Tottenham Street, the subscription tickets for which bear on their faces that "Two gentlemen, or one gentleman and two ladies," are

admissible for 4s. 6d. Human nature is throughout the same: the modifications are but those of education, custom, accident.

Upon these grave and philosophical grounds have we taken up the incubrations of Mr. James Collett for a review. Certes not for the elevation of his rank or sentiments; certes not for the talent and intelligence which he brings into the literary field; but, simply, because there is something of novelty in hearing how an individual of his position in life and calibre of mind treats those matters which disturb the highest, derange the wisest, vex the most placid, and, in fine, distract the souls of all the men and women of this universal globe.

In his preface Mr. Collett adduces one of the most cogent reasons for turning his talents to authorship which we remember to have met with. It is not one of your common excuses; no partiality of friends conjuring him, as he valued the gratification of the world, to pull his light from under the bushel; no asserted discovery of the highest importance; no overweening idea of his own genius, let out in the humble language of egotistical apprehension and doubt.—No; Mr. Collett says, simply and forcibly—

"I have only taken up the pen when want of more profitable employ caused the hours to pass heavily and cheerlessly. I am without resources,—must be the 'architect of my own fortune.' Want of employ brought want of money; want of money every want beside. This induced me first to send my fugitive Essays to the world; this now induces me again to solicit your aid; and any one purchasing a copy will do me a useful kindness, for which I shall be grateful. I trust the purchaser will not be dissatisfied—will not find any thing exceptionable throughout my little work."

What "employ" could be so unprofitable as to induce the author to have recourse to his pen by way of mending his fortunes, we cannot possibly conceive; however, his statement is plain, and we must leave it as we find it, and come at once to the poetry. A congratulatory ode to his Majesty loyally commences this portion of the work, to which we have but a single objection; we allude to Mr. Collett's desperate hostility to the House of Lords, as proclaimed in the following verse of his invocation to the king:—

"May'st thou, with truly regal sway,
Shine as the sun, without a peer;
Make the most puissant e'en obey,
That those who will not love may fear."

We are not quite sure, though, that we perfectly understand the bard's meaning in this mysterious stanza: perhaps he did not intend the extinction of the aristocracy, but simply that none of them should equal their sovereign.

As might be expected from a writer of ardent temperament and imagination, and "want of employ," Mr. Collett seems excessively subject to love-fits; Rosas, Emmas, Peggys, Patrys, and, in short, almost every name in the female catalogue, are immortalised by his vagrant Muse. Even ladies of no name figure—as for example:

"I love, but I must not say who,
And oft-times, despairing, I sigh;
For labour in vain 'tis to woo
The maid of the hazel eye."

"When I speak, she her head turns aside,
Nor ever deigns any reply;
And yet I've not the heart to chide
The maid of the hazel eye."

"A silent contempt has she shewn,
Ever scornfully passing me by;
Yet still do I love her, and her alone,
The maid of the hazel eye."

"They tell me a more favour'd swain
Does me and my efforts shall gain
Saying none but himself shall gain
The maid of the hazel eye."

"But, nor him nor his menace I fear—
There's no man shall force me to fly;
For ever to me shall be dear
The maid of the hazel eye."
"If she herself bid me to go,
I'll away—but it must be to die;
For then life would bring nothing but wo—
Sweet maid of the hazel eye!"

The pathos of this affecting termination has drawn tears even from our critical eye, which is infinitely more gray (with a greenish tinge) than hazel; and we could not be comforted till we read, farther on, of more lively and happy passions. The following, though beginning with a melancholy tenderness, ends in a way which we have no doubt will excite the jealousy of Mr. Thomas Moore:—

"With thee, my sweet girl, rests my doom—
Then say, shall I live, dear, or die?
'Twere hard to be sent to the tomb,
When I long to my chamber to fly!"
"And think what a terrible fate,
A martyr to die to your charms;
You'd repent, sweet! ah, when 'twas too late,
And wish me alive in your arms."
"Then Patty, sweet Patty, consent,
Oh! say, love, that you'll be my wife;
Believe me, you'll never repent,—
I'll be constant and loving for life."
"I'll my pride be to wear wedlock's chain,
And our happiness, sweet, shall be such,
If ever my charmer complain,
'Twill be cause I love her too much."
"I shall kiss thee from morning till night,
Nor end when the daylight is gone;
For still it will be my delight
To kiss thee from night to next morn."
"Yes, kissing I love very dearly,
And so, charming Patty, do you—
If not quite so well, very nearly—
Then disdain not a lover so true."

There seems to be intense beauty and truth in these prenuptial invitations and promises. Our memory does not serve us to decide whether the quantum of kisses vowed in the penultimate stanza may or may not be a fit allowance, or whether the parties might or might not tire of the everlasting sweets; but we have great faith in our poet, and dare say he is more correct in his thought than he happens to be in his measure. If he lisps, he certainly lisps in numbers. Of this we add another striking and most delightful example; for Mr. Collett may well say with Polonius, "Truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love."

"I've dangled after many,
Yet still have not a wife;
And perhaps unmet by any,
The happier is my life."

"But as love is no disgrace,
When Cupid fires a volley,
I'll just before you place
My catalogue of folly."

"Sweet Rosa was the first, not handsome—what of that?
The man who couldn't love her must be at best a flat;
A maid gentle as she, modest, virtuous withal,
And my young romantic heart headlong in love did fall;
I used to think how blest life past with her must be,
But, alas! my pretty Rosa turn'd up her nose at me."

"Then in despair I left her, Eliza met my view,
She taller was than I, perhaps by a head or two;
But she loved me for all that, and said, enchanting thing!
From me she would most willingly accept the bridal ring;
Yet my fickle heart soon wav'd, while she remain'd the same,
And off I bounded, sportsmanlike, in quest of other game."

"Next Matilda joy'd my sight, amid Pleasure's eager throng,
In through the maze dance she tripp'd it gracefully along;
A pretty dark-hair'd girl was she, and I can tell you this,
That each young man who eyed her, straight long'd to
match a kiss."

"We soon became acquainted, and soon, alas! I found
Her spirit was too high to brook control or bound; (be,
She never would concession make, whatever cause might
And parted, I displeased with her, and she displeased
with me."

"Then came pretty little Marianne, resistance was but vain,
My poor weak heart was captured, I fell in love again;
My fair was plump and rosy, and just about my size,
And as I thought at last I had gain'd the wish'd-for prize;
But she had two strings to her bow, and sorry I'm to say,
I found there was a rival swain enamour'd in the way;
Yes, while I thought of Chalk farm duel, or a broken head,
The little rogue, deceiving me, far, far away had fled!"

My rival did prevail, though ungraced by any charms,
And bore the pretty Marianne from Jenny Collett's arms.
Well, I was rather mortified, till Ellen came at last,
And in her charming company I soon forgot the past;
She older was than I, by some six or seven years,
But she'd many a little taking way—her smiles spell'd
my fears;

And ah! I shame to tell it, I left her in the lurch,
After every thing was done by me but leading her to church."

"Then Lucy, little Lucy came forth with siren art,
And soon did she entangle the poet's willing heart;
But if I tell you must, why fair Lucy I resign'd,
It was because I found her too complying and too kind."

"Next Mary, pretty Mary, enchained my heart awhile,
And for a fickle season I lived but in her smile;
But soon, alas! we both grew cool, I cannot tell you why,
We parted ere two months were gone, and neither heaved
a sigh."

"And then came fair Sophia, and pleased my heart
full well,
From all, but lovely Rosa, Sophia bore the bell;
Well pleased, she listen'd to my suit, her bright eyes
seem'd to say, [other day,"

"Our courtship yet has scarce begun—I'll say Yes some
But floating rumours were abroad against my loved one's
fame, [name:

And many unpleasing words were said, that I don't care to
So fearing rumour might speak truth, I left my fair forlorn;
I walk'd off while my shoes were good, ere yet too far
I'd gone."

"But last, though not least, for she stood five feet five
'Twas Nancy, dear Nancy, I wanted to wive;
She play'd the piano, and prettily sung,
And the gay Holborn beaux made sad havoc among;
I soon gave up my suit, yet I longer had tarried,
But she seem'd in such monstrous haste to get married."

"Since that I've sigh'd for Emma, a young and guile-
less maid, [afraid:
And though she sweetly charms me, to speak I'm quite
Dear gentle Emma! take my word, I love thee very dearly,
And would to Heaven thou would'st love the poet as
sincerely!"

"But ah! first love surpasses all; the heart which erst
I gave,
Will beat for thee, my Rosa dear, till cold 'tis in the grave;
And though thou wed, my only love,—though I take
another bride,—

Till life's last hour I'll love thee more than all the world
beside."

"And now my catalogue's at end, and you I'm sure
will say,
That little Cupid rules my heart with most tyrannic sway;
Had Gall or Spurzheim known me, they'd both at once
have said,

The organ of amateness is the plainest on his head."

"Now girls, dear girls, I want a wife,
A wife that's good and true;
Who would for me e'en yield her life,
As I for her would do."

"'Tis true, 'tis true, no manly grace
In me, girls, can you find;
I bear a plain, but honest face,
The index of my mind."

"Yet, if I rival'd Belvidere,
That symmetry of stone;
It would not joy me, girls, to hear
You loved for that alone."

How just is Hamlet's philosophy—

"Every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is."

Here is Mr. Collett, with Heaven knows how
much on his hands and mind, and yet he hath
not the fee of one ducat to get him a dinner.

"On the table before me my last sixpence lay,
Beside it were bills that I wanted to pay;
There was no one I knew I would ask for a loan,
My cupboard was bare, it contain'd not a bone;
My wardrobe was scanty as scanty could be,
For Fortune seem'd ever to frown upon me;
This burthen of misery scarce could I bear."

Or according to his address to his cat,—

"We yet may be happy, Tab, after while;
And as in distress thou didst never forsake,
When good luck is mine, of that shalt thou partake:
Then our cupboard we'll fill, and no more shall be
worn."

Foul linen, darn'd stockings, clothes seedy or torn;
Nay, faith! on the strength of such wonderful news,
Thy master will get him a new pair of shoes;
Thy shrunk form we'll plump out, thy fur coat shall
be sleek."

For we'll have one good dinner each day in the week;
And after, each noon of my life, I'll not fall
To take a cigar and a pint of good ale."

To talk of love in such circumstances surely
proves the master-power of the infant god.
Can it be but a finer delineation of the same
sentiments and feelings which makes the beauty
of pastoral, the charm of romance, the soul of
lyrics, and the sublimity of tragedy? O Nature,

how thou dost sport thy varieties—in vege-
tables, in fishes, in birds, in beasts, in man!

We should, however, transgress were we to
dose our readers with much more of this
poetry. For the fame of the author be it re-
corded that he is the founder of a club, "The
Votaries of Comus," which meets every Satur-
day night at an alehouse, and to which each
member brought a dish:

"Nor did they oft propriety forget,
But parted friendly, sober as they met."

A song composed in honour of this distin-
guished association affords a fair example of
the descent of folly and the exquisitesness of
imitation. Let the United Service, the Uni-
versity, the Asiatic, the Oriental, the Athe-
naeum, listen to the lay.

"We've once more in harmony met round the board,
That with good English fare quite profusely was stored;
We're good trenchermen, in the way of a snack,
And I trust every votary had his full whack—
Derry down."

"There first came the meat, we had many a slice,
And second, the pudding so warm and so nice;
Then, thirdly and lastly, each gay vocal wight
Had a bumper of brandy to keep it all right—
Derry down."

"And after all this now we are full to the neck,
There's nothing that can social harmony check;
So sweetly we'll sing—"

Being full to the neck, literally, has not been
approved by professional singers as the best
preparative for vocal display; so that the
Votaries of Comus have all the merit of this
musical improvement, which, Mr. Collett in-
forms us, made their effusions

"appear
As if country nightingales all had flown here!"
We presume they sung, Jug, jug, jug."

Of the author's prose essays we shall say
little. He disapproves of swearing, of drunken-
ness, of gaming, and other beastly vices, and
is, in his way, a great philanthropist and mo-
ralist. Of the former admirable trait in his
character some faint notion may be formed
from the following extract:—

"I would forswear beef and mutton for ever,
if by so doing I could diminish, in the smallest
degree, these enormities. I would never more
touch veal, if by so doing I could stop the horrid
practice of bleeding calves. And if any one
say such a course of abstinence must be fatal,
I reply, I would die if my death could restore
comfort to the outraged brute creation."

What Braminical virtue is here displayed!
Would that all the world possessed such en-
nobling sentiments!—Again, though a strong
mode of expressing it—

"The robbing a bird of her young is, in the
eyes of God, as great a sin as robbing the
human mother of her child. The feelings of
both are equally acute and sensitive at such
bereavement, though their trouble is evinced
differently, as the difference of nature dictates."

"He who wantonly kills even a fly would,
if he dared, as wantonly kill a man. I hesitate
not to say that, whatever sin is laid at my
door, no one can justly accuse me of inhu-
manity. When a schoolboy, I have spent
many a twopenny to rescue the captive bird
from the trap, and restore it to its native air;
and now, grown a man, it joys me even to save
a drowning fly."

Amiable man! oh pursue thy tender in-
stincts!—live only to save flies; and should
earth be the poorer by a book or two, which
you would have written if not so humanely
employed, you shall be forgiven."

But, with all his philanthropy, our admired
author is not ignorant of the ways of common
life. He patronises those refinements in the
society to which he belongs, Private Theatrical
and Free and Easy Balls. His account of the

former is not indeed very prepossessing; they do, it appears, reach the altitude of his magnificent spirit. At a representation of Macbeth, "the first sentence uttered by the Thane announced him a raw Scotchman; his appearance was not prepossessing, he was rather short and bandy-legged. I suppose he conceived his strong accent admirably adapted to the character, and, all-sufficient, he ranted, raved, and strutted about, without any idea of treading a stage, murdering Shakespeare and sense most barbarously; yet his performance elicited thunders of applause from his surrounding friends. His lady was tall and somewhat bulky, overtopping him by a head and a half; and it may justly be said, if she equalled not Mrs. Siddons in talent, she excelled her in size; and when, in the sleeping scene, she talked of her 'little hand,' I smiled as I viewed her mutton fist, large as the champion's; her voice, naturally unmelodious, was now hoarse as the screech owl's. 'Sure such a pair were never seen.' When we came to the cauldron scene, the witches verily appeared themselves bewitched; one forgot his part, put the others out, and they, in revenge, uttering two or three good English oaths, beat him off the stage, and by the noise afterwards, I concluded there was a regular mill behind the scenes. When Banquo appeared as a ghost, in the banquet scene, we saw the real nature of his indisposition; and what think you it was, gentle reader? Why, a disorder too prevalent in our vile city, viz. intoxication. He first reeled one way, then another, till the audience, never before having seen a ghost the worse for liquor, burst unanimously into one loud long laugh.

"Plays are thus butchered at most Private Theatres; yet there are two or three where the amateurs and spectators are equally genteel. Surely the rage for theatricals, so prevalent at present, is ruinous in its consequences. Every apprentice, every errand-boy, longs to make his debut; and even men of mature age cannot forbear making fools of themselves. At such theatres it is not he who has the largest share of talent gets the best character, but he who has the largest share of cash. The veriest ass, by paying thirty shillings, may play Richard, Wolsey, Hamlet—any thing; yet perhaps unable to sign his name on the list."

What a profound knowledge of life! But the "Free and Easy" is still deeper; we wish we had room for the "Free and Easy." Mr. Simpkins was called on to sing.

"Mister president and gentlemen," said he, "you knows I seldom sings, but I'll do my best; if I does better, vy fine me." After this, "a stage-struck hero started up, and began, 'Most potent, grave, and reverend good siggenores, my very worthy and improved good masters.' Upon which scene our immortal moralist finely observes—

"And this, thought I, is the favourite amusement of two-thirds of the young men of London! Can it be wondered, then, that they are so senseless, so dissolute? At such places their eyes become inured to scenes of drunkenness, till it becomes a part of their own nature; their ears become used to language profane and obscene, till they are divested of every delicate idea, every moral feeling. The conversation held is never rational—nought tending to improve can be learned from it. It is true respectable persons may sometimes be found at a Free and Easy; but it is invariably the resort of the weak, the illiterate, the depraved, and dissipated. It is, in fact, a rendezvous for the good-for-nothing part of the community"—i. e. two-thirds of the young men of London.

The "Ball," which follows, is another superb instance of what has been called "aping one's betters." How like to Almack's in every point! the anxiety to obtain entrance—the anxiety to be prettily dressed—the anxiety to attract beaux—the anxiety to get good partners—and all the other anxieties, are precisely the same. The tickets were eighteen-pence each; and Mr. Collett, blessed to his utmost ambition, was allowed to escort Miss Eliza.

"Eight o'clock in the evening found us seated in a hackney chariot, on the road to Kirby Street. Eliza looked as blooming as a young Hebe; a wreath of rose-buds circled her beautiful ringlets, which fell in lovely profusion over her fair neck, while a plainly elegant dress of white displayed to advantage her delicate form; her little heart beat high—her bright eyes sparkled in the anticipation of an evening's favourite amusement. I sat beside her, habited, as fashion dictates, in a dress of sombre hue, forming a strong contrast to my fair companion. It is true the hand of age as yet had not touched me; but study, and a somewhat large portion of mental anxiety, the invariable attendant of an author, had blanched my cheek, and rendered my manner grave, and somewhat pedantic: an indifferent observer would have supposed us uncle and niece.

"Well, we arrived, and after the coachman's preliminary thunder, which attracted a few curious idlers to view our descent from his vehicle, were ushered into the saloon sacred to Terpsichore. Here was a motley assemblage of old and young, handsome and ugly, gay and grave, thickest old gentlemen, and thinnest young ones, capacious dowagers and slender misses."

Quadrilles were danced most enchantingly. In the Lancers "there occurred but a few trifling blunders, such as mistaking *chaine Anglaise*, for *grande chaine*; *balancez*, for *chassez et dechassez*; very excusable in cockneys not over polished. Some new and fashionable country dances succeeded, monopolising the whole strength of our company; and I could perceive, as the lively action of the dance slightly disarranged the upper garments of the gents., many a fine dandified collar, supported by a stock à la militaire, surmounting a coarse or dirty shirt; whilst a pair of modish wristbands was tacked to the equally dirty sleeves," &c.

No wonder that our author felt disposed (as he tells us) to "moralise. I thought of the many young females, earning seven or eight shillings a week, and a daily cup of tea, who are seen abroad dressed like ladies at a drawing room; and whence comes it, thought I, that character, decency, and all that adorn a woman, are thus sacrificed to appearance? O Pleasure! I mentally exclaimed, alluring, deceptive Pleasure! how many self-devoted victims are daily immolated upon thy altars!"

But we have gone too far.

Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq. of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 593. London, 1826. Colburn.

CYPRUS AND RHODES.

A VERY considerable portion of this entertaining volume has appeared as a series of papers in the *New Monthly Magazine*; but however fitted to add to the interest of that periodical, we certainly prefer the Letters in their collected form. Mr. Carne's route embraced places and countries which no observant traveller could visit and describe without producing a popular work. Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Syria,

were seen by him in their most remarkable points, and he has related what he saw of them in an extremely agreeable manner. This will, we think, be acknowledged when the following examples have been perused. We select them from the latter third of the book, in order to avoid what has already been so generally diffused in the pages where the earlier Letters were originally published.

From Beirut the author sailed for Cyprus, and after a distressing passage in a wretched boat, which lasted five days, was landed at Larnica. Cyprus was in a state of deceitful security, and often alarmed by mutinies and murders, as well as by rumours and menaces. Mr. C. tells us—

"In the course of the revolution, several of the Greeks, to save their lives, had become Mahometans; among these was a rich merchant: this man we frequently met, and he invited us to visit him. He was a smooth, good-looking, and corpulent Greek, and confessed it was to save his head only that he had apostatised. It was now the fast of Ramadan, and he bitterly exclaimed against the Koran, and its absurd laws, which compelled him to fast from one sunset to the next,—and this disgraced dreadfully with his habit of body. 'Sixty-three times to-day, said he, have I been obliged to prostrate myself towards Mecca, and touch the ground with my forehead!—which could have been no easy matter, from his extreme corpulence. He cursed the Prophet and his paradise too. 'I must put myself to torment,' said the Greek, 'for what I care nothing about: and what are all his bowers and pleasures to me, while I am famishing? Besides, the faithful had their eyes sharply upon him, and he was obliged to model his subtle face into a solemn and reverential expression, and keep from other indulgences, which mortified him more than the loss of the good cheer, for, from his own account, he was a thorough profligate.

"Another Greek family were placed in a rather more tragical situation at Larnica. A certain time was allotted them to decide whether to embrace Islamism or die; the husband leaned to the former alternative, and strove to persuade all his family; but the wife was firmly resolved to adhere to the faith of her fathers, and, like many other Greek women in this warfare, shewed a heroism of which the men are too often destitute: the time allotted was not yet expired.

"Cyprus, from its vicinity to the Egyptian power, the cutting off of nearly all the rich and distinguished Greeks, and the want of spirit in the remainder, was more unfortunately situated than the rest of the Greek islands, and yielded without resistance to the cruelties of its oppressors. The military force at this time dispersed over so large a space was weak; and had a body of resolute Greeks effected a landing in any part, the island would probably have been free, at least for a time.

"It was sad to see this large and beautiful island so desolate and ravaged; chateaus and their rich gardens laid waste and deserted, and their surviving possessors dependent on others for shelter and support; women, bred up in luxury, deprived of their husbands and parents; and the sons of nobles imploring refuge from strangers. Large domains of land could be bought for a trifle; and a chateau, with a garden, together with a small village on the domain, and an extensive tract of land, were offered for a few hundred pounds."

Making up a party of nine, even in this posture of the island, Mr. Carne penetrated

into the interior. All but the spirit of man is divine. Here, on the second day, it is stated, "We saw with joy the rich and deep groves of Cytherea at a distance, which soon afforded a welcome shade. We proceeded to the house of a Greek priest, and, ascending a long flight of steps, entered the garden into which the dwelling opened. It was a sweet and retired place, full of orange and lemon-trees; the fruit of the latter hung in quantities, and of an enormous size. The father seemed well pleased with our visit, and killed, not a fatted calf or kid, but a goat, which being made into soup, and two or three sorts of dishes, was served up in the corridor. This good man had a wife and family, and seemed to live in much comfort.

"The village of Cytherea consists of detached cottages, each having its garden and rivulet; for so great is the abundance of streams around this spot, that they appear to flow close to every dwelling. The groves are chiefly of mulberry, orange, and lemon trees, and a quantity of silk is produced here. Next to the gardens, the chief attraction around this spot is the picturesque and irregular chain of mountains that rises above and around it, the waving and rocky outline of which is beautiful. Not far from the father's was the handsome dwelling of a Greek boyar, the coolness of whose garden and rushing stream almost invited us to become purchasers, and settle in this place, where the climate is healthy, and free from the scorching heats of the coast. The possessor of this mansion had been beheaded a short time before, and it was left desolate: the Turks would have sold it for a trifle, and an Englishman might have enjoyed it in perfect safety.

"In the evening we visited the greater part of the scattered village: one seldom sees a more inviting and attractive spot; and we ascended, about sunset, one of the mountains to the west. The light was nearly faded when we had gained the top; yet we had a fine view of the sea, the coast beneath, and the high shores of Caramania on the opposite side, but it soon became indistinct, and we had to find our way back nearly in darkness. The descent over the rocks was very annoying, and we regained the priest's home with no little pleasure, and, being parched with heat, had the table placed in the garden beneath the orange and lemon trees, and plucking the fresh fruit, drank insatiably of excellent lemonade. To lie down to sleep beneath the deep foliage was a luxury; and the perfume was wafted by the cool night-breeze around us.

"We took leave of our host next morning, who, if subsequent accounts are correct, possessed not his sweet garden and cottage much longer, but was soon after numbered with his murdered countrymen."

Cyprus is famous for its honey and wines; and that some of its inhabitants enjoyed themselves sumptuously, in the midst of all danger, the following will shew. At Nicosia,

"Having sent a letter of introduction to the Greek archbishop of the island, he immediately provided an excellent house and garden for our residence, and after dark honoured us with a visit. Cyprian, so cruelly murdered not long after our departure, was a fine and dignified-looking man. He came to accompany us to supper at his palace, for which we soon after set out, lighted by a number of torches. The archbishop walked at the head, and his priests followed in order, according to their dignity. His table was sumptuously spread, and the cookery exquisite; the Cyprus wine of the oldest quality. Every morning he sent us

breakfast in the English style, which was served by his domestics; at mid-day we dined at the palace; and every evening he came to converse for an hour, and then conducted us to his home, in procession, as before, to sup and spend the evening."

And what are the bounties of Heaven worth amid such scenes as were acted here?

"The palace stands in the great square, in the midst of which is a beautiful fountain: it was here that the cruel execution took place of the Greek nobles and merchants. The governor sent to inform them that he had just received despatches from Constantinople, which not only assured them of protection and safety, but granted them some additional privileges; and he invited them, from different parts, to attend at his palace on a certain day, to hear these documents read. Too credulously trusting to the governor's professions, almost all the principal Greeks in the island assembled, and were admitted into the chamber of audience, from which they were almost instantly conducted by a passage, one after the other, into the square without, where the sight of a strong guard, and the executioner with his naked sabre in his hand, revealed at once the base treachery practised on them. The latter, who was a Slavonian soldier, boasted to us of his dexterity in the execution, for he had struck off every one of their heads with a single blow of the sabre. The father of the family who found refuge at the consul's at Larnica, was among the number. The unhappy men bore their fate with singular resignation, and submitted their necks to the blow without a murmur or complaint. Their houses and effects, lands and villages, were instantly seized and confiscated, and their families rendered desolate! It is not easy to estimate the misery occasioned by this sudden and cold-blooded cruelty.

"The archbishop described this scene, which was quite recent; and the anguish of his feelings was bitterly augmented on the following day, when the Slavonian soldier waited on him and demanded a reward. Cyprian asked for what? The other answered, because he had put the archbishop's countrymen to death with so little pain, having beheaded each at a single blow, and that he deserved a recompense. But this wretch had been richly paid before, as he affirmed on our way to the mosque, that he had received a certain sum of the governor for every head.

"It was not long afterwards that the perfidious governor invited Cyprian to summon his chief ecclesiastics, saying that he wished to impart to them some intelligence which particularly concerned their safety and welfare, and requesting an immediate interview. All the clergy who were summoned to attend, were filled with suspicion of some treacherous design; but all hope of escape, or of avoiding this assembly, was vain, as the island was filled with the troops of the Pacha of Egypt. But these unfortunate ecclesiastics hoped, that by offering all that remained of their property, they might satisfy the rapacity and appease the fury of the governor.

"The next day, the prelate and his devoted flock were assembled in the Turkish palace, in the great square of Nicosia, when the governor, having placed guards at the gates and in all the passages, ordered the massacre to begin. Cyprian, in this trying moment, behaved with uncommon courage and dignity: he demanded of the governor what crime these ill-fated men were guilty of, that they should suffer so dreadful a fate; recounted the spoliation and insults

they had already endured, declared their entire innocence, and that, if nothing but blood would satisfy the governor's cruelty, he was ready to shed his own rather than they should perish.

"The Turk returned a short and brutal reply; and the bishop's self-devotion only accelerated his own destruction. Many insulting questions were put to him; but he declared he had always served the sultan with perfect integrity, who, he now found, had deserted him, and given him up to the malice of his enemies. He requested a few moments to spend in prayer. By this time, his beloved people lay murdered around him, and he knelt down amidst their dead bodies, and commended his spirit into the hands of God. His head was then struck off, and he died without a murmur, evincing the same serenity and exalted piety, which through life had endeared him to all his people.

"Filled with horror at the death of their revered prelate, many of the wretched Greeks of both sexes took refuge in the churches; but these retreats were soon violated by the infuriated Turks, and the pavement streamed with blood. The altar itself did not protect those who clung to it from violation; and the dreadful scenes of Scio, although to a smaller extent, were acted over again on those fatal days of Nicosia!"

Of the most interesting part of the population we are told—

"The often-boasted beauty of the women of Cyprus has long ceased to exist: they are now a plain race; the Grecian cast of features in some measure survives, but the form of symmetry, slender and elegant, is looked for in vain. It is, perhaps, doubtful how far the women of ancient Greece were a generally handsome race; the statues which survive might be the *beau ideal* of the sculptor, or rather an assemblage of the beauties of various women, than the possession of any single one. Whenever this exquisite beauty really existed, it became the theme of the poet, and the subject of the painter, who lavished all their powers in the description, which would hardly have been the case if beauty was the common or frequent gift. Immured as they were in the seclusions of their own walls, their lives and minds in general insipid and uncultivated, their society must have been, in some degree, regarded with a similar esteem and respect by the intellectual Greeks, as the Ottoman ladies are by the Turkish lords of the present day. Another circumstance, unfavourable to the growth or preservation of beauty in the Greeks, was, that they confined their connections chiefly to their own country, and did not generally intermarry with other nations. It is evident that the personal advantages the Turks possess over other nations are exclusively owing to their taking wives from all countries; Arab, Grecian, and Persian blood all flow in the veins of an Ottoman, and conspire to make him the handsomest of human beings."

Our traveller visited the ruins which proclaim the site of the ancient Idalium. Near, "in a most lonely spot, and in a wretched cottage, lived a family of lepers. These unfortunate people were avoided by all the other inhabitants, who dreaded to come near their dwelling. The disease was hereditary, for every one of this numerous family was afflicted with it. Some of them stood at the door, and looked the pictures of sadness and solitude. They would be starved, did not some of the people who lived in the plain bring food occasionally, and place it at a short distance from the cottage. So great is the horror entertained of this disease, that the Mosaic law is fulfilled

to the letter, of thrusting them out from all society, without the hope of ever returning to it."

From Iarnica Mr. Carne sailed with a motley crew of fellow-passengers. The voyage was very tedious: they touched at Rhodes.

"Walked round the fortifications of the city, built by the Knights of St. John, and defended by them with such obstinate valour against the Turks, in the sixteenth century. The walls are of immense strength, and flanked by a number of towers, some of which are in a ruinous condition; but the Turks took entirely to the defences themselves, which are not manned, or mounted with any cannon. The remains of the palace of the Grand Master possess some magnificence, and prove how luxuriously and splendidly the knights lived in this seat of their empire. The church of St. John is now a spacious mosque, and has a rather naked appearance. The gates and portals of the walls of the city are of great thickness and strength, and the faithful may, without any great difficulty, imagine the place invulnerable to any foe likely at present to come against them. Some pillars and ancient marbles, which have, however, little beauty, yet remain in the government house, or, more properly, the ruins of it.

"The appearance of the town is more regular and clean than that of most oriental cities.

"The small harbour or basin of Rhodes is very fine and convenient; the rocks approach so near on each side, that scarcely more than one ship can enter at a time: the water within is only deep enough for merchant-vessels. The houses stand close to the water's edge, round part of this harbour; and the quays, on which grow some fine trees, afford an agreeable, but short promenade. Tradition says, the Colossus stood at the entrance of this basin, with its feet on the rocks on each side. But one of the chief charms of Rhodes is its superb climate. The air is pure and healthy, and few diseases are known; the heat of the weather is seldom oppressive, being cooled by the westerly winds, which blow during the greater part of the year. It is an old saying, that the sun shines at Rhodes every day in the year; and there is scarcely ever known a day so cloudy or cheerless, that the sun does not clear the heavens, and bless the isle with his rays for some hours at least. The high mountains on the coast of Caramania, only a few leagues distant, add to the scenery. The town rises gradually from the shore, in a kind of amphitheatre; and the walk on its massive walls is very commanding.

"The country-houses of the Turks are mostly without the walls of the town, situated on declivities which shelve down to the water's edge. They are surrounded by gardens of various kinds of fruit-trees, among which there are always fountains, gushing with a luxurious and huffling sound. The houses, from their elevated site, command a delightful view of the bay, and are the favourite and constant retreats of the richer Turks. They extend for two or three miles along the sides of the hills, which rise gently from the water.

"Much of the scenery in the interior of the island is of the most romantic kind. Wild and lonely valleys, where the rose and myrtle spring in profusion, open into the sea, and are enclosed by steep mountains on every side. The greater part of the island is uncultivated; and the number of the villages in the interior is small: pomegranate and fig-trees abound here, as well as peach-trees, but the fruit they produce is very inferior in flavour to those of

Europe. The island is supposed to contain 30,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Turks, and is near forty leagues in circumference; but so small a portion of the soil is cultivated, that it scarcely raises corn sufficient for its own support: wine is the only other produce of the soil of any consequence, and of this very little is exported.

"But Rhodes is one of the cheapest places in the world to live in. One may not be able to procure here a variety of meats; yet, such as there is, sheep, kid, fish, and poultry of various kinds, with excellent wines and fruits, cost a mere trifle. For a few hundreds a-year a stranger might live *en prince*, in this delicious island,—have his chateau amidst gardens in a retired and beautiful situation, his Arab horses, a number of servants, a climate that will probably add ten years to his life, if he will consent to live without the enervating pleasures of high society. It is well known that an English gentleman of handsome fortune made Scio his abode for many years: he had his family with him, lived in a charming spot, and kept a yacht, in which he often visited the other Greek islands, but always returned to his own abode with undiminished pleasure, and resolved never to forsake it. He died about four years ago, before the breaking out of the Revolution."

The voyage being resumed, Mr. Carne at length reached Navarino; at which spot, so calamitously memorable in the history of the Greek struggle for independence, we pause till next Saturday.

Entomology.—Kirby and Spence.—Conclusion. We refrain from pursuing these curious inquiries any further. The letter from which they are taken is followed by a well-digested orismology, or explanation of the terms used in this branch of science. This, again, is succeeded by an essay on the *system* of insects generally, in which the author adheres to the opinions of Mr. W. S. Mac Leay, Professor Agardh, and Mr. Fries, which, he says, "seems the most consistent of any yet advanced, and which reconciles facts which, upon no other plan, can be reconciled; the series of beings is involved in the highest degree, rolling wheel within wheel *ad infinitum*, and revolving, if I may so speak, round its centre and summit—*man*; who, though not including in himself all that distinguishes them, is still the great type in which they terminate, and from which they degrade on all sides.

"It is by this convolving series that the various groups, into which the kingdoms of nature seem resolvable, are formed.

"It is (he adds) customary to consider all the substances of which our globe consists as divided into three kingdoms,—the *mineral*, *vegetable*, and *animal*; but, strictly speaking, the primary division is into organised and inorganised matter; the former resolving itself into the two kingdoms last mentioned. These, like England and Scotland of old, have their 'Land Debateable;' occupied by those *productions moyennes*, (to use a term of Bonnet's,) which are, as it were, partly animal and partly vegetable. From this territory, common to both, the two kingdoms are extended in a nearly parallel direction till they reach their extreme limits, without any incursion from either side upon their mutual boundaries, but each shewing its kindred with the other by certain resemblances observable between *opposite* points; so that valley corresponds with valley, mountain with mountain, river with

river, sea with sea; not, however, so as to form an exact counterpart, but only in some general features. But to leave metaphor,—as the vegetable kingdom is distinguished from the mineral by its organisation and life, by its circulation of sap, and by its powers of reproduction by seed or otherwise; so is the animal from the vegetable, by its powers of volition and locomotion, by its nervous system and organs of sensation, and the senses to which they minister; by its muscular irritability, and by its instinctive endowments."

One of the most remarkable discoveries stated in this portion of the work is, that nature almost universally distributes objects into *fives*, or quinary groups. Vegetables, birds, and insects, afford extraordinary instances of this law. But we must leave this profound point for one of more popular notice—the times and seasons of insects, &c.; and, with two or three quotations, close these volumes, from which we have reaped so much gratification.

"*Diurnal* insects are abundant. *Butterflies* in particular, fly generally at no other time: they accompany the sun in his course, and, before he sets, disappear. Some other *lepidoptera*, though not so named, are *day* insects. The *donacia* fly only when the sun is out and the air is warm; they are then extremely agile and difficult to take. Some *hoplia* swarm in the day before noon, and then disappear.

"*Crepuscular* insects, strictly speaking, are those that appear only during the twilight, whether in the morning or evening; but the term may be understood, with some latitude, to signify all those insects that are seen only in the morning and evening, though after sunrise and before sunset. Of these, some come forth only in the *morning*, others only in the *evening*, and others both *morning* and *evening*. My memory only furnishes me with a single instance of an insect whose principal appearance and flight are in the *morning*. *Hemigeometra nupta* Haw. I have often seen flying at this time, about six or seven o'clock, and never at any other: I am not, however, prepared to assert that it does not appear in the evening or night, but I have then never met with it. In the *evening* more particularly you hear the hum of the dung-beetle (*geotrupes* Latr.), which Linné thought the prognostic of a following fine day; and of the swarms of *melolontha vulgaris* and *solsitialis*. Then, also, many other *coleoptera* are in the air; especially before a thunder-storm, a state of the atmosphere that particularly excites insects: *pinus imperialis* and *germanus* I have never taken, except under these circumstances. Then the *ephemera* sport in the air, and lead their mystic dance. The majority of the hawkmoths are then, too, on the wing, with their long tongues imbibing the nectar of the flowers while they hover over them, both *morning* and *evening*.

"In the *night* the main body of the *moths* take their flight, as well as a vast number of *coleoptera* and insects of other orders. At this time the *blatta* and crickets leave their hiding-places and run about: but the other *gryllus* L., though they sing in the night, fly only in the day. Then, also, the *carabi*, like beasts of prey, leave their dark retreats,—in this, differing from the *cicindela*, which are diurnal,—and prowl about to entrap other unwary insects. Then, likewise, the female glow-worm hangs out her lamp of love, and the male, led by it, wings his way to her: and then the water beetles (*dytisci*, *gyrini*, &c.) forsake the waves and become tenants of the air."

There is an excellent letter on the best means of catching and preserving insects;

whence we extract the account of a singular experiment.

"You will often meet lepidopterous larvae travelling over roads and pathways: at such times they have usually done feeding, and are seeking a spot in which they may assume the pupa with safety. These you may place in one of your cells, and they will select a station for themselves. You must be careful frequently to examine the boxes in which you have pupæ, that you may take the imago as soon as it appears, and before it has had time to injure itself in attempting to escape. I mentioned to you, on a former occasion, Reaumur's experiments to accelerate the appearance of the butterfly;—there is another, still more remarkable, to which he had recourse for this purpose; it was by hatching his pupæ under a hen!! You will wonder, perhaps, how this could be effected, and be disposed to maintain that the pupæ must be crushed by the weight of the brooding animal. How did the ingenious and illustrious experimentalist prevent this? He prepared a hollow ball of glass, open at one end, about the shape and size of a turkey's egg. Having several chrysalises of the nettle-butterfly (*vanessa urtica*) suspended to a piece of paper, he cut out some of these singly, with a square portion of the paper attached to them, and covered with paste the side opposite to that from which the chrysalis was suspended: these he introduced into the ball through the aperture, placing them as near to each other as possible, taking care so to apply the pasted surface to the inside of the ball, that when the side to which they were fixed was uppermost, they all hung as from a vault. This being done, he stopped the aperture with a linen plug, but not so completely as to cut off all communication with the atmosphere: he next placed the egg under a hen that had been sitting some days, who always kept it at the side of the nest, where it nevertheless derived benefit from her incubation. After the first day its interior was covered with vapour transpired by the chrysalises. Upon this Reaumur took the egg, and removing the linen plug, it soon became dry again: he replaced it under the hen, and no vapour afterwards appeared. In about four days the first butterfly ever hatched under a hen made its appearance; it would probably have required fourteen under ordinary circumstances. He tried the same experiment with some dipterous pupæ; but the heat was too great for them, and they all perished."

In conclusion, "we have treated hitherto of insects as we find them now inhabiting our globe: but I must not conclude our correspondence without taking some notice of those that are found in a fossil state. Fossil insects may be divided into those that are found in amber, and those that are found in other substances.

"It has been observed, with respect to insectiferous amber, that the greater part of the insects found in it exist no longer in the countries that produce that amber, and that in every different locality the insects found in it are different. Thus the amber of Sicily contains various species of *coleoptera* not to be met with in other ambers, while that of the Baltic is rich in *diptera* and *neuroptera*. It is further observed, that the insects enclosed in the amber of Prussia, and those figured by Sendelius in his *Historia Succinorum*, all belong to genera at this time found in Europe. Insects of the following genera are recorded as having been found in this singular substance: *platypus*, *clater*, *atractocerus*; *gryllus*, *manis*; larvæ of

lepidoptera; *phryganea* L.; *ephemera*, *perla*, *termes*; *formica*; *tipula*, *bibio*, *empis*; *scolopendra*; and various *arachnida*. In a piece of amber in my collection I find *evania*, *formica*, *chironomus*, and some *arachnida*.

"Fossil insects have also been found in other substances. Parkinson figures larvæ of *libellula* found in limestone; some *melolontha* in slate; a *polistes* in schistus; *carabi* and *neurobia* in vegetable debris: but some of these rather belong to a comparatively modern formation."

We cannot take our leave of Messrs. Kirby and Spence's labours, without again thanking them for the services they have done to the science of entomology. Their work is an honour to them and to their country.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Vie de Scipion de Ricci, Evêque de Pistoie et Prato, &c. Par de Potter. 3 tomes. 8vo. Brussels. H. Tarlier.

WE notice this work more on account of the great sensation it has created on the Continent than from any idea we entertain of its being equally conspicuous in this country. Abroad it excited attention by its strong interest in a polemical point of view, and, consequently, being warmly espoused by those who are adverse to the Romish church; and our readers are aware that the struggle between these two great sects fills Europe incessantly at this period throughout all her States. With this religious contest, too, is mixed the battle of political principles,—and Legitimate, Liberal, Absolute, Constitutional, Jesuit, Carbonaro, &c. &c. &c. are but different forms or terms of different conflicting opinions. With these, however, the *Literary Gazette* has nothing to do, and we mention this *Life of the Bishop of Pistoia* merely to record what it is as a production of literature.

M. de Potter, the author, is previously known by his *Essay on the Spirit of the Church (L'Esprit de l'Eglise)*, and he gives us the present work as being compiled from autograph manuscripts of "the Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany under the reign of the Grand Duke Leopold," and other celebrated personages of the last century. The memoir is followed by documents found in the depositories of Le Comandeur Lapo de Ricci at Florence. From these it is asserted that Pope Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits; from these the dissolute habits of the Dominican order are exposed; and from these the intrigues, excesses, and corruptions of the Church of Rome generally, are largely insisted upon.

Scipion de Ricci was born at Florence in January 1741, of one of the first families in the country, and studied under the Jesuits, of which Society he, in due time, became a member. When the Society was suppressed, and, as he relates, Pope Clement poisoned, he then became vicar-general of Florence, and, after some squabbles with his *quondam* brethren, adopted the Jansenist creed. Succeeding to further dignities in his diocese, he set himself zealously to reform its abuses; and his inquisition into these, in convents and other quarters, furnishes the subject-matter for the three volumes before us.

Upon this matter we shall content ourselves with reporting that there is much of it exceedingly curious; but the details are rather prolix. The monstrous practices which are alleged to have existed in almost every part, are incredible, and seem rather to belong to dark ages, long past, than to the era in which we live. The gross profligacy which prevailed in the convents is astonishing; but the grosser

superstitions which are described amaze us still more. It appears, from the bishop's account, that there are many sectarian divisions among the Roman Catholics as well as among the Protestants; and, therefore, that their unity is more in name than in substance. It is also worthy of notice with what facility the Court of Rome is represented by him to adopt every new superstitious ceremony, provided it bring something into the treasury; and with what inflexible steadiness it opposes itself to every species of reform. But these things would require more extracts from us to illustrate than we can find room to insert, or than our readers would like to peruse; and especially as some of the details are unfit for the modest eye, we now dismiss the publication with this brief notice.

A mutilated edition, in four volumes, has been issued from the Parisian press; but the Brussels copy appears to be the most complete.

An Experimental Inquiry into the Laws of the Vital Functions. By A. P. W. Philip, M.D., F.R.S.E. Underwoods.

THIS is the third edition of a very able work, divested of the technical terms employed in the preceding editions, or explaining those which are unavoidably used. The knowledge of the functions of our own bodies—a study so interesting, and almost necessary—has been hitherto exclusively confined to the medical profession. The object of Dr. Philip is to extend this knowledge to general readers, who will be surprised to be told that the supposed difficulties which had hitherto deterred them from the study of the great movements of the animal system, are altogether imaginary, and that a few hours will enable them to acquire all the previous information requisite for understanding this interesting subject.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IN a report of the Horticultural Society of Jamaica (published in the *Jamaica Journal* at Kingston), is an account of the *Arracacha*, with a description of its botanical characters, by Edward Nathaniel Bancroft, M.D., which was read in July last; and, as this root will perhaps become nearly as important to Europe as the potato, we have extracted the best information relating to it.

"It is about forty years since the *arracacha* was made known in Europe as a valuable esculent vegetable, in general use in Santa Fé de Bogota, and in the adjoining provinces; and it is now twenty years since the public attention was called to it in England by the account which Señor Vargas gave of it in Koenig and Sims's *Annals of Botany*, in which he described it as being very superior to the potato in flavour, in usefulness, and in the quantity of produce, and expressed his belief that it might be advantageously cultivated in Europe. Since the latter statement, various individuals in that quarter of the globe have been endeavouring to procure the *arracacha* from New Grenada, among whom, as I learn, was the late distinguished President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks. But such were the obstacles which war and other causes opposed to this object, that even Sir Joseph failed, whose name alone might have seemed sufficient to insure success to any such undertaking. Having learnt the importance attached to this plant, I was at length, in 1821, enabled to avail myself of the kind disposition of a gentleman of the highest respectability, Don Francisco Urquiza, then about to return to Bogota,

who readily promised to send me plants of it thence, and, in the following year punctually kept his word, by sending me a box containing twelve shoots, of which three perished on the voyage, and three here on being transplanted. Despairing of their succeeding in the heat of this city, I placed them in charge of a very intelligent planter in St. David's Mountains, Mr. Henry Burger, and under his fostering care the remaining six thrived perfectly, so that I was enabled, in the following year, to send young plants of the arracacha to the Horticultural Society of London, and to his Majesty's garden at Kew, &c., as well as to distribute others to various friends in different parishes, through whose attention this vegetable may now, I trust, be considered as being extensively and well established in this island. It is not for me to speak of the value of the arracacha as an esculent; this will be best shewn in the course of time. I am aware that not a few of those who have tasted it but once have not liked it; yet I believe that those who have liked it, even on the first trial, are quite as numerous. For my own part, I am inclined to think that the taste for it may rather be deemed an acquired one, having found with several persons that its relish improved upon subsequent trials. As the root requires a longer application of heat than the vegetables in common use, a part of the distaste which it has experienced may have been caused by insufficient dressing. At all events a vegetable, which has, for so many ages, been the constant and favourite food of a considerable portion of South America, in preference even to the potato, which is there indigenous, ought not to be thought undeserving of a fair trial in the way of cultivation in Jamaica.

"When the arracacha here had arrived at maturity, I was anxious to ascertain its botanical characters, as I could not learn that they had ever been made known even in its native country, and as much curiosity about them had been felt in Europe. It manifestly belonged to the natural order of the Umbelliferae; but, after very frequent and minute examinations of the flowers in all their stages, and careful comparisons of their appearances with the characters assigned to the different genera which that order contains, it seemed to be equally clear that, although it agreed in a few points with several of those genera, and most particularly with *Apium* and with *Ligusticum*, yet it disagreed with each in many others, so that there was no one genus in that extensive natural order, as described in any of the botanical works to which I have had access, with whose characters the arracacha could with propriety be deemed to agree sufficiently to allow of its being classed under it."

Dr. Bancroft points out the differences, and considers the arracacha to be a *new genus*, which he proposes should be called *Arracacia*, "as being the nearest approach to the name by which it has been known in its native country as well as in Europe, and free, at the same time, from barbarous dissonance."

The kind introduced into Jamaica is thus described:—

"The root is annual, fleshy, solidly tuberous, and furnished on the outside with numerous knobs; it is of a light yellow colour internally, and grows to the size of eight or nine inches in diameter. Those knobs are of two sorts; the one are comparatively small, proceed from the upper surface, or crown of the root inclining upwards, give off each several gems or shoots towards the top, and are marked about the base with horizontal rings, bearing thin mem-

braneous sheaths that gradually wither away. The other, or larger and edible sort, grow on the outside, and below those just mentioned, to the number of eight or ten, besides small ones, and descend into the earth; the largest measure eight or nine inches in length, by two, or two and a half inches in diameter, and are nearly of the same circumference throughout, tapering off suddenly, and sending out a few small fibres at the extremity. Their surface is nearly smooth, and covered with a thin pellicle marked across with some transverse cracks like carrots. These latter knobs are called *hijos*, i. e. sons, in Bogota, and are the roots generally preferred for the table, being more tender and more delicate in flavour than the main root, or *madre*, mother. One root sent to me from St. David's, which had the greatest part of the mother-root, and all the upper knobs with their shoots cut off, as well as a large *hijo* broken off, was found to weigh eight pounds. The stem is herbaceous, upright, round, jointed, hollow between the joints, sparingly branched, smooth, striated, streaked with purplish lines, and grows, in general, to the height of two feet and a half or three feet, sometimes of four feet, and to the thickness of half an inch or a little more in diameter at base. The flowers are small, and, at first, of a light yellow colour, which usually changes to a reddish purple. The greater part of the florets are barren; and in these the corollas do not expand, but fall off in a closed state. The stamens have the filaments at first green, afterwards purplish; the anthers are comparatively large, resembling two eggs joined by the side, and of a bright yellow; they open on the outside, emitting a pollen of minute white globules. The styles change in like manner from green to purple; their stigmas, however, are whitish and semi-transparent. In the barren florets there are only rudiments of the styles. In those florets which, to judge from appearances, might be thought fertile, the fruit continues to grow until it arrives at its full size, when it begins to wither, the seeds being very seldom, as it appears, perfected. And this, it may be presumed, is the habit of this plant, which throws out shoots in luxuriant abundance, by which it is easily propagated, and the perfecting of the seed rendered unnecessary. I am accordingly told that it is never raised from seed by those who cultivate it largely in its native country; and in this island, when the most perfect, in appearance, of the seeds produced here have been sown, they have all failed. They are, however, of a large size, compared with those of most umbelliferous plants; some before me measure three eighths of an inch in length.

"Of the arracacha, I understand that there are four kinds, but I have not yet been able to learn whether these are to be considered as distinct species, or only varieties. The sort introduced here is that called yellow, from the colour of its root, and this, I am assured, is the kind most esteemed in Bogota. Another sort has a white root; and there are two sorts with purplish roots, one of which, I am told, is also much eaten, and is said to be equally liked at Antioquia, with the yellow sort; the other purple-rooted sort is, I learn, of a coarse quality, and not used for the table, though it is often employed for poultices, &c. Of the last three sorts, the only one with which I have had any opportunity of becoming acquainted, is the purple kind first mentioned, Mr. Higson having favoured me with a small dried specimen of it, which he lately brought over from Choco: upon comparing it with a specimen of the yellow arracacha, the only differences I could

discover were, that in the former the leaflets are broader, and more deeply incised, and the middle leaflets shorter in proportion than those of the yellow kind; but these, from a single specimen only, are not sufficient to decide the point in question. It must, therefore, be left for others to determine the specific characters of the yellow arracacha, as well as to bestow on it a more appropriate specific name, if that of *A. Xanthorrhiza* should be deemed objectionable, as it must be, should the yellow sort prove to be only a variety, and not a distinct species.

"In regard to the cultivation of this plant, the mode practised in Bogota (which I have every reason to believe has proved equally successful here) is, after separating the upper tubers or knobs from the root, to detach from these the offsets singly, each with its portion of the substance of the tuber, which is then to be pared smoothly all round at bottom, the outer leaves being stripped or cut off, so as to leave a sprout of from half an inch to two or three inches at the most. If any gems or eyes be seen at the base of the offsets, they must carefully be cut out. Thus prepared, the shoots are planted in loose mould, in a slanting direction, at distances of fifteen or eighteen inches from each other, whether the ground be level or sloping. Afterwards, at intervals of about two months, the soil ought to be weeded; and when the plants have grown to the height of ten or twelve inches, or whenever they shew a disposition to blossom, the budding tips should be taken off, as the process of flowering would hinder the root from attaining its greatest size, care being taken not to take off more than the budding extremities, lest the growth of the root should thereby also suffer. With the same view, any luxuriance in the growth of shoots should be prevented, since it must be at the expense of the root. From time to time, and particularly after weeding the ground, fresh mould should be laid round the foot of each plant, to aid likewise in the enlargement of the root.

"In favourable situations the arracacha, as I am told, will reach its full growth in six months. It does not seem to require a rich soil, or much moisture, since here on a loose but poor soil in the St. Andrew's Mountains, where very little rain fell from the time it was planted until it was full-grown, it thrived and reached maturity in the space of eight months. The soil, which is suitable for yams, appears to answer equally well for the arracacha. In Bogota and Popayan they obtain a succession of arracacha through the whole year by planting shoots at every decrease of the moon. When the root is full grown, and taken out of the ground, it will scarcely keep beyond two or three days; but it possesses, I learn, this useful quality, that it may in that state be allowed to continue in the ground, and will keep perfectly sound even for months, although without any increase of size. The root rasped, and macerated in water, deposits a fecula, which in Bogota is in very general use as a light nourishment for the sick, in the same manner as the fecula of the *Maranta arundinacea*, or arrow root, is used in this island."

Celestial Phenomena for March.

THE astronomical year will commence the 20th day, 15 hrs. 11 minutes. The Sun is then said to enter Aries, though his true place in the heavens is among the stars which form the zodiacal constellation Pisces. It is more than two thousand years since the Ram ceased to become the leader of the celestial host, all the stars composing this sign being upwards of 90 degrees east of the point where the ecliptic

intersects the equinoctial. This may be rendered very evident to the senses during this and part of the succeeding month, by observing the three stars in the head of the Ram, which will be distinctly visible after sunset, for some considerable time after the vernal equinox. Their situation will be W. by S., 35° above the horizon, and arranged as in this figure:—

* Arietis.

* β
Mesarthim.

These changes in the starry heavens were long a matter of discussion, and by the philosophers of antiquity considered as enveloped in a mystery, which could not be easily explained. The motion which was thought to affect all the heavenly bodies is, however, to be traced to a slow vibration of the Earth's axis, occasioned by the attraction of the Sun, Moon, and planets, on the spheroidal figure of the Earth, causing a small tendency of the equator towards the bodies attracting, and an apparent motion of the starry zodiac forward, or eastward, so as to perform a complete revolution in 25,628 years. This is called the precession of the equinoxes.

Hence the uncommon interest which is attached to the zodiacs of antiquity, for if we can ascertain the commencing sign of any one, its age may be determined. The Indian zodiac presents superior claims to antiquity, and is of a quadrilateral figure, in the centre of which is placed a virgin surrounded by a glory, from which it is inferred, that when constructed, the solstice corresponded with the first degree of Virgo, which carries us back to 1400 years before the Christian era. The zodiac of Dendera appears to begin with Leo, and unless we suppose its antiquity extravagantly great, we must refer it to the time of Tiberius. It is not easy to ascertain the leading sign in the zodiacs of the ruins at and near Esne, or Latopolis, though some French philosophers have attempted to prove that the dates of the Egyptian zodiacs are to be referred to periods of such high antiquity as must falsify the Mosaic account of the creation; but, happily for religion and common sense, they differ among themselves, whether to denominate that of Dendera a zodiac at all, or if they agree on this point, they vary relative to the first sign, (and all depends on this being rightly ascertained,) so that no reliance whatever is to be placed on the conclusions they profess to draw. It is highly probable that these latter zodiacs are as much religious symbols as astronomical calendars, it being well known that the Egyptians blended astronomy with their mythology.

Phases of the Moon, and Conjunctions with the Planets.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon.....	8	4	30
○ First Quarter.....	16	9	30
○ Full Moon.....	23	10	42
○ Last Quarter.....	30	2	3

	D.	H.	M.
The Moon will be in conjunction with Mercury	8	0	15
Venus	8	3	15
Saturn	15	14	0
Jupiter	21	17	0
Mars	28	15	30
Saturn in quadrature		5	21 45

9th day, Venus, the whole of her disk illuminated, and appearing under the smallest angle of 10°, consequently, in the superior part of her orbit. 10th day, the two inferior planets in conjunction with the Sun.—Venus when on the meridian, and Mercury 3 hours 15 minutes afterwards. Venus, after this day, will be an evening star nearly to the end of the year. 30th day, Mars stationary.

Emergions of the First Satellite of Jupiter that will be visible.

Day.	Hour.	Min.	Sec.
7	22	3	47
9	6	34	15
14	13	59	44
16	8	28	13
21	15	53	47
23	10	22	17
30	12	16	28

Double Stars.—The most interesting telescopic objects in the heavens, next to the planetary bodies, are the double stars, and the best tests of the excellency of the telescope employed in examining them. These stars, through a good glass, appear with disks accurately defined, and with a dark space between them; very few, however, will bear this trial, as they generally exhibit the fixed stars as surrounded with ever-varying prismatic colours.

The following are favourable for inspection during the month, after seven o'clock in the evening. The eye should be familiarised to the glass, by examining first a star known to be single, then the double stars in the following order:—

α *Geminorum*, on the meridian; these revolve about their common centre of gravity in 342 years. Mizar, or Alcor, in the tail of Ursa Major, N.E., altitude 45°. A beautiful treble star in the right foot of Monoceros, the belt of Orion points to this, from which it is distant 8° east. The Polar Star has a minute one near it. β *Boötis*, the largest star reddish, the smallest blue, E.N.E., altitude 20°. Rigel in the foot of Orion. γ *Leonis*, S.S.E., altitude 48°; the small star revolves about the larger in 1200* years, in an elliptical orbit.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, 25th Feb.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. G. M. Slatter, St. Peter's College, (Comp.); Rev. J. Holmes, Corpus Christi College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—H. W. Nevill, Magdalene College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Dickinson, St. Peter's College; Rev. C. Pratt, Magdalene College, (Comp.)

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Baker, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—H. Filtzess, Queen's College.

OXFORD, 25th Feb.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. B. W. Hillcoat, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—P. Heaketh, Trinity College, Grand Compound; J. Hull, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Dashwood, Trinity College; N. Malcolm, Christ Church; Rev. T. Littlehales, Student of Christ Church; Rev. H. Benwell, Merton College; Rev. B. C. Goodison, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Bilton, Christ Church, Grand Compound; J. S. Martin, J. Hippesley, Oriel College; A. J. Smith, Christ Church; Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Fellow of Exeter College.

Introduction of the Duke de Montmorency into the French Academy.

(From a French journal.)

"THEY," says Suard, "who see or affect to see only a simple embellishment to the Academy, in the union of men of rank with men of letters, comprehend but little of the principle and effect of such an association. Letters, to be useful, ought to be illustrious. To add to the consideration of those who diffuse intelligence, is to add to the effect of intelligence itself. And besides, even with reference to the interests of literature, is it not to learned

* These amazing periods may appear incredible to those not familiar with the discoveries of modern science. The long life, and unremitting diligence of Herschel has, however, demonstrated that the statement is unquestionable, and that others take up a much longer time to complete their revolutions, than these that are specified.

writers, accustomed to the severity of classical language, an evident advantage to have a daily intercourse with men who have improved their taste in the most distinguished and polite circles? Men of letters have the more profound knowledge of the principles of written language; men of the world have in spoken language a tact which knowledge cannot supply."

The recent introduction of the Duke de Montmorency into the French Academy attracted a prodigious concourse of persons. Count Daru presided on the occasion. M. Raynouard performed the duties of secretary, and Viscount Chateaubriand those of chancellor. The sitting commenced with a speech from the new academicien. After having touched on the merits of his deceased predecessor in the academy (M. Bigot de Préameneu), he proceeded to speak with much eloquence of Cardinal Richelieu. One passage was particularly applauded, in which the orator did not dissemble the faults of that great minister, who feeling the account that he should one day have to render to posterity, was desirous of confiding his defence to men of letters. The precious advantages of the union of literature with religion, and the blessings of that species of eloquence which has for its object to inspire charitable sentiments, furnished the duke with many valuable observations. The whole of the duke's speech was listened to with profound attention; and the peroration, which was exceedingly brilliant, called forth the loudest acclamations. The president replied, and congratulated the new member on his election.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

THERE are many occasions in which it is the province of painting as well as of playing, "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, and Scorn her own image." We have been prompted to make this application from the subject of the *Village Stocks*, No. 372. W. West.—The artist has shewn, and that very properly, the vice of drunkenness as an offence against society, and punishable by law. His object has been perhaps rather to raise a laugh, than to expose the vice, but his skill has done both; and our observations would in all probability have ended in the merited encomiums which such skill deserved, but that the neighbourhood of Mr. Sharpe's picture, *The Bottle of Champaign*, led us on observe the way in which the same vice appeared in the more elevated state of society, and which gave quite another reading to what we first admitted; and we now view the paralysed and idiotic expression of the wine-bibber as the mirror held up to warn and testify against the debasement it exhibits.

No. 146. *Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's Chief Baker in Prison*. John Hayter.—We have no hesitation in saying, that had this performance been (what it really appears very like) a mellow, harmonious, time-finished picture, the few faults it has would never have been seen or objected to by the connoisseur or the collector. With something too much of anatomical display where it could not very well appear, the redeeming qualities of the piece are such as, in our eyes, to promise the fairest prospect of future success in historic art. It is a very able picture, and does infinite honour to the young artist.

No. 257. *Preparing for Market*. E. Bristow.—The performance, however, is something more than a preparation; it is an excellent and

well-painted subject of familiar or rustic life, made interesting by a vigorous pencil, and a truth of nature—evincing talent of superior character in the class to which it belongs.

No. 98. *Psyche*. F. R. Say.—There wants nothing but clearness in the flesh (which a reflected light would give) to make this a very clever production.

No. 72. *Group of Italian Boys*. R. Edmonstone.—“Gems of art” has become a term in use. This performance is truly a gem.

No. 73. *Landscape*. J. Stark.—Under this simple title will be found a rich and beautiful spot of home scenery, equal to any of Mr. Stark's former productions, which have always been of the sweetest class.

No. 44. *A Cottage Scene near West Cowes, Isle of Wight*. P. Nasmyth.—This, and 56, *A View near Lewes, Sussex*, are distinguished by the usual skilful and beautiful style of the painter.

No. 136. *View on the River Kennet near Newbury*. J. Linnell.—Too sober for an exhibition, but not the less true to nature.

No. 127. *Earnest and Hobbie Elliot's first sight of the Black Dwarf on Micklegate Moor*. H. Singleton.—The situation appearing in this clever little picture is not propitious; yet there is in it an excellent spectral, moonlight effect, with a style and character of art well worth stooping to contemplate.

No. 9. *Dressing over the Bath*, by the same, is a pretty small picture, which, on inspection, will fully justify our opinion of Mr. Singleton's talents.

No. 2. *Children with a Dove*. W. E. West.—A little too chalky; but if the artist is a young man, it is a picture of great promise: the background admirable.

No. 80. *The Pet Lamb*. W. Hobday.—A beautifully-disposed group, apparently portraits, but well suited by a change of costume for a rustic composition.

No. 246. *The Ghost laid*. T. P. Stephanoff.—The artist has thrown into this well-painted comedy of fright some of the richest qualities of his pencil, and rendered it valuable as a work of art, as well as an amusing subject, though certainly considerably below the standard of some of his preceding works.

No. 10. *Simple Simon*. Robert Farrier.—A very successful example of the artist's power in representing a natural defect in the human intellect, with the least possible offence to the feeling. As a work of art, it is one of Mr. Farrier's best productions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

No. IV.—*Samples of Sentiment—Love Song from the Exchange.*

“Business and love in joint embrace commingled.”
DRODGEN.

THE stock of my spirits, once cheerful and bright,
Is three per cent lower than yesterday night,
For Chloe, like Rothschild (I pray you don't laugh),

Has sunk my heart's funds down to two and
The Mexican bonds can no more my soul move—
I'm fetter'd, instead, in the bonds of my love.
I pace, a rich broker, no longer on 'Change—
I'm broken for all but for Cupid's exchange:
E'en the bank of my health has of late had a run,

And my wits have stopp'd payment, like Whitworth and Son,

O Chloe! thy firm should be tack'd to my own,

And firmer 'twould thrive than if both stood

For let us, my girl, but do business together,
And we'll ride through the mercantile storms
Of this weather.

The banks like the mud-banks of Holland may
And the ocean of ruin o'er Lombard Street break;

The consols of Chili may make people chilly,
And silly besides as the islands of Scilly—
We'll bill and coo on, turning love to account,
That best of all bills, with the surest discount.
Then answer this note, set my spirits at ease,
And pay for the postage, sweet girl, if you please;
For my mind, below par by its recent attacks,
Is as heavy to raise as the property-tax:

And longs, a gourmand, on your rent-roll to prey,
(Like the roll that I rent at my breakfast to—
To see, by some clerical conjuror's fun,
Two virtuous fleshs dissolved into one,
And join'd to the rich firm of Hymen and Son.

Samples of Sentiment—Love Song from Almack's.*

“'Tis so like sense—'twill serve the turn as well.”—POPE.

HARK, a voice like the voice of a cherub above—
Only look how Diana bespangles the grove
With tints full as bright as the eyes of my charmer—

O what a great brute must he be that could harm her!

Now she sits by a fountain close under a hill,
And Echo repeats her sweet voice to the rill;
While the rill, as if proud to be told of the lay,
Like a race-horse, leaps over each rock in its way;
Nor rests on the journey its strength to renew
(Except to jump down from a mountain or two),
But hurries through mead, and through moor-land, and heath,

To encore the sweet song in the valleys beneath.

O my heart, how it throbs! I'm convinced
It will burst!

I shall die—I shall die; but I am not the first,
For Phyllis already has sent to their grave
Seven lovers, o'er whom seven buttercups wave:
And I am the eighth—O ye winds! as ye rove,
I'd be greatly obliged if you'd say to my love,
That her faithful Alexis is dead or is dying;
And if, as I hope, the tale sets her a-crying,
The very next time that I dine with the king—
The king, O ye zephyrs! your praises shall sing.

Is there nought that can heal such a passion as mine?

Sure the arrows of Cupid are aught but divine.
Jove woo'd his Europa, and Dian her boy,
(I forget the lad's name) in the meadows of Troy:

Thrice fortunate couple! your loves knew no Lent—

But I am alone in the meadows of Kent,
A-plucking its posies in summer winds sighing—
But what are its posies to one that is dying?
They droop ere I place them for warmth in my breast;

And this is the case with myself, I protest.
But away with complaint,—soon beneath the green grove

I shall moulder (excuse the expression) by Jove!
For a rock soars above me full twenty feet high—

I jump from the summit—I tumble—I die!
Ye juries of Kent, whoever you may be,
When you bring in your verdict of *felo de se*,
O say I was found like a saint on my knees,
At the foot of a rock, for my cold Heloise;
That I smiled, notwithstanding the bruise in my side,

Breathed her name, grew exceedingly nervous,
and died.

* Dropped accidentally from the coat-pocket of a man of fashion.

Song.

TELL me (ye who who know it) how
To hide a broken heart,
Whose wounds in poison'd streams o'erflow,
Invading every part.

Say, will a smiling lip prevail,
Or will a festive song,
Although the tutor'd lip seem pale,
And faint the yielding tongue?

Will flowers that bind the wandering hair
Bloom gay as Pleasure's wreath?
Do garlands on the brow of Care
Conceal the thorn beneath?

Will glances of a frozen eye
Like sweet Contentment bleed,
Or silence of the smother'd sigh
Seem calm as happiness?

If thou wilt hide a broken heart,
No tutor'd looks assume—
Too vain the imperfect mask of art—
Go, hide it in the tomb!

A LADY.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Beethoven's *Grand Symphony, No. 11*, in D, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello. By J. N. Hummel. Chappel and Co.

THIS publication is of an order to make amends for a dozen of the ordinary kind; and, to do justice, in a few words, to a work of such magnitude, and, what is more, of so much intrinsic excellence, is, however, no easy matter. Beethoven need have written nothing but this symphony to immortalise his name as an instrumental composer; and many of the best musical judges have, for the grandeur and originality of ideas which it contains, but which are also common to most of his symphonies, ranked him above even Haydn and Mozart. One of the ablest writers on musical subjects in Germany, Reichardt, ingeniously compares the symphonies of Haydn to a beautiful and elegant villa, in and around which every thing is pleasing and lovely,—those of Mozart, to a magnificent palace, whose splendour and riches excite your highest admiration;—but those of Beethoven to a cloud-clapped tower, which strikes you with awe and amazement. To merit this praise he has written nine symphonies, so different from each other, as hardly to appear the works of the same master. If the 5th in C minor be the grandest and most effective, the first in C, and the second in D, are the clearest and most intelligible. In applying ourselves to the latter, in particular, every one must observe the perfectly natural flow of ideas, and the most suitable combination of sounds into harmonies, throughout the whole. But we are at a loss which of the four movements to admire most; the brilliancy and spirit of the allegro con brio, together with the magnificent opening which precedes it, or the delicacy and feeling of the adagio, or the sprightliness and vivacity of the two last parts. The present arrangement by Hummel is such, that these high qualities of the work in the original form have not been sacrificed in the least degree, though the effect total of the orchestra may be lost.

From a master who stands at present in the foremost rank of piano-forte composers, who is so scrupulous and elaborate in whatever he takes in hand, it was natural to expect nothing less than a finished piece of adaptation, and such this symphony undoubtedly deserves to be called.

We regret to notice some egregious errors of printing, pp. 6, 7, 10, and 25, in the piano-forte part, where flats and sharps are omitted: this ought to be corrected; and then we shall be able, without a deduction, most confidently to recommend this work to every true lover of classical music.

Philharmonic Concerts.

THE first of these performances, which have now for upwards of twelve years maintained an unrivalled superiority for instrumental music throughout the kingdom, took place on Monday last, and under very favourable auspices. There was no new performer of fame, and only one piece that has not been heard before in this country; yet, notwithstanding this apparent want of any previous effort on the part of the managers, the Concert was in the highest degree satisfactory. The symphony, by A. Romberg, rather pleased than created admiration; it is somewhat in the easy, playful style of some of Haydn's, but perfectly intelligible throughout. Beethoven's symphony in C, with which the second act commenced, will never cease to be a favourite, when played with so much spirit. Mozart's delightful quartetto, "Dite almeno in che maniera?" from his almost unknown opera *La Villanella rapita*,* wanted nothing to make it perfect but dramatic action. Spohr's overture to Faust was undeniably the weakest of the performances; and, as it is one of his best compositions, we fear he will never be generally popular in this country. Madame Caradori Allan enraptured the audience with Mayer's "Sento man-carmi l'anima;" and Mr. Kiesewetter equally astonished them by a solo on the violin, composed by Mayseder.† After all, however, this player is more astonishing than pleasing: hear Cramer, as on this occasion, or any performer of fine nature and genius, instead of extraordinary execution, on the same evening, and mark the difference of the impression! Thus in the first act, we were quite unexpectedly treated with a piano-forte concerto of Mozart, by Mr. J. B. Cramer, played in his usual unique and classical manner, especially the adagio, which is also the best part of the composition. So great a favourite is this gentleman (and most worthy is he of the favour), that the applause on his sitting down to the piano-forte was nearly as great as when he left it.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER the usual number of delays, apologies, and disappointments, Morlacchi's opera of *Teobaldo e Isolina* was at last brought before the public on Saturday. Expectation was on tip-toe, from the accounts of the grand hit Crevelli made in it in Italy, in the character of Boemondo, when the Bolognese even went so far as to crown him, and showered down thousands of verses and portraits upon him from all parts of their house. As we never look for much connexion in the plot of an opera (and if we did we should rarely find it), we will proceed to our critique on the performances and music without reference to the story. Boemondo is played here by Curioni, whose powers are well known and appreciated; but we could wish him to throw more spirit into his part, especially at the beginning of the opera, and also in the fine duetto between him and Velluti, in which he calls upon him to revenge his mother. His

singing, however, was upon the whole most creditable to his talents, and such as has raised him in public opinion. Velluti played Teobaldo; and though labouring under a severe cold, imparted much interest to the music. His "Notte tremenda" is one of the most beautiful things we ever heard, and though rather long, could hardly escape a cruel encore. Bonini was Isolina, and has not much in which she can shine, yet what she had to do was done in a praiseworthy manner. Madame Castelli has at last been allowed a song; and though she has not a very powerful voice, many of her notes are extremely sweet. The music is in general (though the second act is by far the best, and does not drag like the first,) of a high order, and at the same time extremely pleasing. The overture, parts of which are very pretty, is the least striking. The accompaniment to the duet "Che fa Egli," does all but speak; and altogether the opera is got up in a manner that does credit to the theatre, with beautiful scenery, fine dresses, and excellent choruses. It thus bids fair to have as great a run as *Crociato* has had. The house was very well attended; and, in spite of the bishop, it wanted only a few minutes to one before the curtain dropped.

Madame Pasta, we learn, has declined an engagement for the opera here this season: she prefers remaining in Paris to entering among the turmoils of the King's Theatre; whence Bochs is in a state of ejection, and Velluti and Curioni in such dudgeon with each other, that they will not keep measures even when singing together on the stage, for which they merit to be hissed and hooted from it.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorios at the Opera House have failed to attract sufficiently to pay their expenses, which are on a liberal scale. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the motley character of the orchestra and performances, which attracted, as we have noticed, audiences equally motley.

Sir John Stevenson has produced a new Oratorio at Covent Garden, which bears about the same relation to Handel, or even to Haydn, that a squirt does to a fire-engine. There are some pretty enough airs, but the whole tissue is so light as to be wonderfully heavy. The success of the composition has been accordingly, like itself, very mediocre.

VARIETIES.

Spartacus.—M. Koler, the keeper of the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities at St. Petersburg, has lately published a description of a number of very curious ancient medals and coins, collected by Count Romanzoff during his residence in the Crimea. Among them is a remarkably fine one of Spartacus, the king of Cimmeric Bosphorus.

A LETTER has lately been received from the Sheikh of Bornon, feelingly announcing the death of Mr. Tyrwhitt, who was left there in the capacity of vice-consul, in 1824, and giving an account of the property he possessed, with scrupulous accuracy, even to the most insignificant article. Thus, out of the five members of the mission, two only survive.

African Travels.—Major Denham's narrative of his three years' travels and residence in Africa is, we observe, at length announced for publication in a few days, by Mr. Murray, with Captain Clapperton's account of his excursion into Soudan, and the deaths of Dr. Oudney and Lieutenant Toole, both of whom perished in

the country. We understand that nothing has been omitted that can be interesting or instructive to the public; and that no expense has been spared in the embellishment of the work is very evident from the superior quality of the plates, of portrait, costume, and scenery, some of which we have seen. They are fifty in number, and engraved by Finden, in his very best style.

Increase of Longevity.—M. Fourier, of the French Academy of Sciences, has written a little essay (which will appear in the next number of the *Ann. des Sciences Naturelles*) on the changes which have taken place in the laws of mortality in France during the last half century. It appears from M. Fourier's very curious investigations, that whereas formerly out of 100 infants who were born, 50 died within the first two years; now only about 38½ die out of the same number in that period. There can be no doubt that this striking difference in the mortality of infants is attributable to vaccination, and to the improvement in the condition of the poor. In all the other stages of life the comparison is invariably in favour of the present day. Thus, formerly, of 100 children, 55½ died before they reached ten years of age; now only 43½ die within that time: formerly, only 21½ men out of 100 arrived at the age of fifty; now, 32½ arrive at that age: formerly, only 15 out of 100 attained the age of sixty; now it is computed that 24 attain that age. The deaths among the whole population have consequently very sensibly diminished. Formerly, one individual died annually out of 30; now only one dies annually out of 39. As for births, their number diminishes. At present, only one takes place annually in 31 persons, while formerly one took place in 25. A similar diminution occurs in marriages. Formerly the calculation was one in 111 persons; now it is only one in 135. The fertility of marriages has not, however, altered,—the average product of each union is nearly four children. Although it thus appears that there are, in proportion to the population, fewer marriages, and fewer children born than formerly, yet the population rapidly increases; because a greater number of the children become men, and because a greater number of men live to old age. This circumstance is no doubt the cause of the proportionate diminution in the number of marriages. In fact, the greater the mortality in any country, the greater the number of marriages, to supply the void. On the other hand, in a country in which the mortality is small, the inhabitants are not so rich; they marry less frequently, because the means of obtaining employment or an establishment are fewer. The inevitable consequence of all which is, that if a more perfect civilisation increases the population by diminishing the causes of mortality, this increase of population itself occasions a deprivation of morals, by being an obstacle to marriage. Thus the number of foundlings in France has been tripled since 1780.—The following is the movement of the population in that country at the two periods; the first being calculated at an average of ten years, and the second at an average of eight.

	In 1780.	In 1825.
Population	24,388,180	30,400,180
Deaths	1,111,490	761,250
Births	963,800	687,970
Marriages	213,770	224,570
Natural children	20,490	75,700

Mortality of different Ages.

	In 1780.	In 1825.
From birth to 10 years of age, 55 in 100	43 in 100	43 in 100
50	78 in 100	67 in 100
60	85 in 100	76 in 100

* Sung by Madame Caradori Allan, M. M. Curioni, Denis, and Phillips, never performed in this country before.

	In 1790.	In 1825.
Proportion of deaths	1 to 30	1 to 29
births	1 to 23	1 to 23
marriages	1 to 111	1 to 135
	In 1790.	In 1825.
Average fertility of marriages.....	4	3½

Hindoo Skulls.—Dr. Paterson, of Calcutta, has examined the skulls of a great many Hindoos, and has ascertained that the head of that race of men bears the proportion of two to three to the head of a European; or, in other words, that the head of a young European, fifteen years of age, is as large as that of an East Indian of thirty. If, as has been maintained, the largeness of the head indicates a correspondent intellectual capacity, it may be understood how some thirty or forty thousand Europeans can keep in subjection a milliard of Hindoos.

Music in Bohemia.—As a new proof of the extraordinary pitch to which the cultivation of music has reached in Bohemia, we state the substance of an article which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Prague Gazette*. A miller of the name of Potstolny, who lived in the small village of Beraun, bequeathed, shortly before his death, his whole fortune of 17,000 florins to the foundation of a conservatory of music in the place where he had acquired it. On the day when this conservatory was opened, there was a grand musical festival, the performers consisting principally of the villagers from the neighbourhood; and the Requiem of Mozart, together with the Miserere of Palestrinus, were executed by eighty country musicians, in a style, as that *Gazette* says, that would have done credit to the first orchestra in Europe.

Phosphat of Iron.—M. Alluaud, sen., a mineralogist of Limoges, has sent to M. Vauquelin, at Paris, some fragments of a new kind of phosphat of iron, which he has discovered in the department of the Haute-Vienne. This mineral is of a brown colour; its crystallisation is in the shape of radiating needles, like certain varieties of manganese, with here and there a few blue points. M. Vauquelin has analysed it, and thinks that, if it can be procured in sufficient quantities, it may be very advantageously employed in the glazing of pottery-ware; for, to the property of being easily melted, and yielding a very brilliant black glaze, it adds the good quality of being in no way prejudicial to the workmen.

Persia.—Prince Abbas-Mirza has issued a firman, authorising Mr. Wolfe, an English missionary, to open a school in the city of Tauris.

The Yellow Fever.—By calculations of the effect which the yellow fever, at various periods, has produced at Charleston, in America, it appears that it is not equally fatal to all classes of the inhabitants. The deaths of the blacks (who form a third part of the population) have been only at the rate of a half per cent., while the French have lost at the rate of one, the Germans one and a half, the Dutch two, the Americans three, and the English four per cent. Generally speaking, persons of a sanguine temperament have been most in danger, for the mortality among them has amounted to a tenth, while among bilious people it has been only a fiftieth. Females have suffered much less than males.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There are announced, as in the press, *Annals of the House of Brunswick*, by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., illustrated with an Engraving from Mr. Chantry's Bust of his present Majesty, by Reynolds, and thirteen Portraits of the most distinguished heroes of the Brunswick race, from ancient Edifices and Paintings.

Richelieu; or, the Broken Heart: an Historical Tale. A new Latin Grammar is announced by Mr. J. Watson, editor of the "Selection from the Latin Classics," with English notes. We believe his Virgil, in this manner, has appeared.

Oriental Literature.—M. Tholuck, the oriental professor of the University of Berlin, has recently published a number of curious details, derived from Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which will be of great use in future inquiries into the history and condition of the eastern parts of the world. In illustrating the mystic oriental anthology, he gives extracts from Dschelaleddin, Rumi, Mesnevi, Gulistan Ras, Muslihiddin, Saadis, Boustani, Attar's Djaoukar Oulst, Sali, Djang, &c.

Turkish Poetry.—After having translated into German Hafis and Motenabeh, the greatest Arabic and Persian lyric poets, M. Von Hammer, of Vienna, has just published a similar translation of the Divan of Baki, the greatest Turkish lyric poet, a native of Constantinople, who died in 1560. The preface to this translation contains a learned dissertation on the life and works of this eastern author; together with the judgment passed upon him by his countrymen and contemporaries.

Woodstock, by the author of "Waverley," will be out in April: not before, we suspect, though announced in a fortnight.

Continental Adventures, in three volumes, are announced. We hear that they are from the pen of a Lady whose preceding publications have justly been very popular, and whose travels abroad have enabled her to form accurate opinions on the subjects which she paints so vividly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lee's (Sophia) Canterbury Tales, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Torrens on the Corn Trade, new ed. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Close's Discourses on Genesis, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Woolrych's Treatise on Certificates, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Williams's Tour in Jamaica, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Doyle on Catholic Claims, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—De la Clavier's French Grammar, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage for 1826, cr. 8vo. 18s. bds.—History of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht, new ed. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s. bds.—Orme on the Lord's Supper, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Taylor's Book of Martyrs, 12mo. 4s. 6d. half-bound.—Millia's Lives of Architects by Cresy, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 23	From 45. to 39.	29.80 to 29.92
Friday	31. — 45.	30.00 — 30.07
Saturday .. 25	40. — 54.	29.92 — 30.00
Sunday .. 26	33. — 47.	30.25 — 30.34
Monday .. 27	37. — 52.	30.22 — 30.40
Tuesday .. 28	39. — 56.	30.09 — 30.10
March.		
Wednesday 1	42. — 53.	30.00 — 29.84

Prevailing wind S.W. Alternately clear and cloudy, with a little rain.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

The frequent haloes, both solar and lunar, are, at times, well worthy the attention of the curious; also the singular phenomenon of the *cecidal light*, which attends the rising and setting sun, at this time of the year, more distinctly than at any other period; on the evening of the 26th and 28th, about seven, it was remarkably strong.

M. de Mariani, in his *Traité Physique d'Histoire*, observes that the best time for viewing the *cecidal light* is about the 1st of March, at seven o'clock in the evening, when the twilight is ending, and the equinoctial points are in the horizon.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would that G. K. would amend his last verse. "Control" certainly does not express the wished-for meaning.

"A Lover of Literature" cannot have loved our literature, as all the works recommended for reviews have already been reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*. The *eight* penny, therefore, which this late advice cost us, might as well have been spared.

The poem from the Isle of Wight is too long for the *Literary Gazette*.

ΦΙΛΟΣ, writing for one eye, had better trust to MS. than wish for an appearance in print.

X. tells us he is sensible his composition has "no poetical merit," but hopes we will insert it: we beg to know why we should?

For "A Platonic Bacchanal Song" we can only return thanks.

We thank several correspondents (particularly our friend at Brighton) for the notes on the name of the new exhibition called *Pocellorana*; it is, no doubt, one of the strange instances of *anglicising* Greek terms, and means various views, from *pothos* and *opsis*. The *Pocellor* of the Stoics, so called from the variety of pictures which covered it, and the common termination of all our *oramas*.

We have by no means rejected the communication from Bath: it is only delayed by circumstances, and is intended to be used with modifications.

Late letters, &c., cannot be noticed or employed till the ensuing week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

A GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.

A TV was held on Wednesday, 15th instant, for the purpose of electing Vice-Presidents, a Council, and Officers, in conformity with the Charter. The Bishop of Salisbury being appointed the First President, the following were duly elected:—

Vice-Presidents.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle
The Right Hon. Charles Vane
The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne
The Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon
The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells

Council.

Lord Kenyon
The Right Hon. Sir George Osney, Bart.
The Rev. H. H. Baber (Librarian)
Robert Bradstreet, Esq.
John Caley, Esq.
The Rev. Richard Cattmole (Secretary)
The Rev. George D'Oyley, D.D.

Prince Hoare, Esq.
William Hamilton, Esq.
William Jacob, Esq.
William Jordan, Esq.
A. E. Innes, Esq. (Treasurer)
William Martin Leake, Esq.
John Nash, Esq.
Lewis Hayes Pett, Esq.
William Tooke, Esq.

Treasurer—Archibald Elphinstone, Esq.
Auditor—Richard Bland, Esq., David Pollock, Esq.
Librarian—The Rev. Henry Harvey Baber.

Secretary—The Rev. Richard Cattmole.

Foreign Secretary—The Rev. Henry A. Delistie.

Accountant and Collector—Mr. Thomas Paul.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION

and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, including the collection of "Christ Crucified with Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. purchased by Directors, is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. XXV.

is, just published, price 6s.—Containing, Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift—Howell's Instructions for Foreign Travellers—William Gifford's Oration on the Translation of the Bible—Dr. Martin Lister's Journey to Palestine—Thomas Edmond, by himself—Rabutin's Memoirs—Contemporary Notices of Charles II. and certain individuals of his Court.

London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; and Payne and Foss, Pall Mall.

This Review supplies the place of a library of old English literature; it contains extracts from the most interesting and important works which have been published up to the commencement of this century, analyses of their contents, and biographical particulars of their authors, with a critical account of their merits. In many cases the Review supersedes to the general reader the work reviewed, and, in most others, compels from it an instructive and entertaining article. Many of the books of which an account is given are extremely rare; many others are of great value; and to procure the whole collection of the works reviewed would be a most difficult and expensive undertaking; an undertaking, however, rendered, in a great measure, unnecessary by the existence of this Review. To all lovers of old English literature resident in the country, or in any part of the world, where access to extensive libraries is difficult or impossible, the Retrospective Review must prove an invaluable publication. In addition to the accounts of particular books, the Review contains a considerable number of dissertations on points of literary history, together with general views of the state of literature at different periods; the whole forming, or about to form in the course of the year, a complete, though miscellaneous, history of modern literature.

The Numbers appear quarterly; viz. on the 1st February, May, August, and November.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Vol. XX. No. CX. for March 1826.

Contents:—1. Cottages.—2. The Saint and the Demon.—3. Reminiscences: Irish Travelling: Messrs. Flood, Fitz-Gibbon, Grattan, Curran, &c.—4. Extracts from the Diary of an Old Citizen.—5. The Vendôme.—6. The Last Man.—7. Agriculture.—8. Dr. Lingard.—9. The Man-of-War's-Man: Chap. 19 continued.—10. Remains and Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Wolfe.—11. Byron Papers.—12. Duke of Parma the Regicide; a Tale of the Greek Empire.—13. My First and Last Play; from Maria Waucho's Autobiography.—14. More Last Words of Sheridan.—15. Naval Sketch-Book. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

Monthly Review.—The Currency Question.

This day is published, the Third Number of a new and improved Series of the

THE MONTHLY REVIEW for MARCH.

Contents:—1. Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy.—2. Annual Obituary for 1826.—3. Kirby and Spence's Entomology.—4. Gertrude de Wart; a Tale.—5. Greece and her Claims.—6. Concluding Volumes of Memoirs of Madame de Sévigné.—7. Charles on the Painted Greek Vases.—8. Adventures of a Young Rifleman, &c.—9. History of the United States.—10. Bramble House.—11. The Currency Question.—Together with Notices of Works recently published. London: Printed for Horst, Robinson, and Co., 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and may be had of all Booksellers.

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